Tamburlaine

the Great.

Who, from a Scythian Shepheard, by his rare and wonderfull Conquestes, became a most puissant and mightie Monarch:

And (for his tyrannie, and terrour in warre) was tearmed,

The Scourge of God.

The first part of the two Tragicall discourses, *as they were sundrie times most* stately shewed vpon Stages in the Citie of London.

By the right honorable the Lord Admirall, his seruauntes.

Now newly published.

Printed by *Richard Ioues*, dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne neere Holborne Bridge, 1590.

To the Gentlemen Readers and others that take pleasure in reading Histories.

GEntlemen, and courteous Readers whosoeuer: I haue here published in print for your sakes the two tragicall Discourses of the Scythian Shepheard *Tamburlaine*, that became so great a conqueror, and so mightie a Monarque. My hope is, that they wil be now no lesse acceptable vnto you to reade after your serious affaires and studies, then they haue bene (lately) delightful for many of you to see, when the same were shewed in London vpon stages. I haue (purposelie) omitted and left out some fond & friuolous Iestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) farre vnmeete for the matter, which I thought, might seeme more tedious vnto the wise, than any way els to be regarded.

though (happly) they haue bene of some vaine-conceited fondlings greatly gaped at: what time they were shewed vpon the stage in their graced deformities: neuertheleſſe now to be mixtured in print with ſuch matter of worth: it woulde prooue a great diſgrace to ſo honorable & ſtatelie a hiſtory: Great folly were it in me to commend vnto your wiſedomes, either the eloquence of the Authour that writ them, or the worthynes of the matter it ſelfe. I therefore leaue vnto your learned cenſures, both the one & the other, and my ſelfe the poore printer of them vnto your moſt courteous and fauourable protection: which if you vouchſafe to accept, you ſhall euermore binde me to imploy what trauel and ſeruice I can to the aduancing and pleaſuring of your excellent degree.

Yours, moſt humble at commaundement,

R. L. Printer.

The first part of the two tragicall Discourses of mightie Tamburlaine the Scythian Shepheard, &c.

The Prologue.

FRom iygging vaines of riming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keepes in pay,
Weele lead you to the stately tent of War,
Where you shall heare the Scythian Tamburlaine:
Threatning the world with high astounding tearms
And scourging kingdomes with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragicke glasse,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

ACTVS I. SCENA. I.

Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius, Cenetus, with others.

MYCETES.

BRother Cosroe, I find my selfe agreev'd,
Yet insufficient to expresse the same:
For it requires a great and thundering speech:
Good brother tell the cause unto my Lords,
I know you have a better wit than I.

Cos. Unhappie Persea, that in former age
Hast bene the seat of mightie Conquerors,
That in their prowesse and their policies,
Have triumphs over Affrike, and the bounds
Of Europe, where the Sun darts scorching rayes,
Forcreezing Mores and conquered Indo:
Now to be ruled and governed by a man,
Whose birth-day Cynthia with Saturne ioynde,
And loue, the Sun and Mercurie denied
To shed their influence in his fickle braine,

Nay Turkes & Tartars shake their swords at thee,
Meaning to mangle all thy provinces.
Mycet. Brother, I see your meaning well enough,
And thorough your Planets I perceive you thinke,
I am not wise enough to be a king,
But I refer me to my noble men,
That know my wit, and can be witnesses:
I might command you to be slaine for this,
Meander, might I not?
Meand. Not for so small a fault my soveraigne Lord.
Mycet. I meane it not, but yet I know I might,
Yet live, yea, live, Mycetes wils it so.
Meander, thou my faithful Counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceived griefe,
Which is (God knowes) about that Tamburlaine:
That like a Foxe in midst of harvest time,
Doth prey uppon my flocks of Passengers:
And as I heare, doth meane to pull my plumes,
Therefore tis good and meete for to be wise.
Meand. Oft have I heard your Highnesse complain
Of Tamburlaine that sturdie Scythian theefe,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis,
Trading by land unto the Westerne Iles,
And in your confines with his complices
Daily commits incredible outrages.
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophesies)
To raigne in Asia, and with barbarous Armes,
To make himselfe the Monarch of the East:
But ere he march in Asia, or attempt
His vagrant Followers in the Persian fields,
Your Grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him Captive to your Highnesse throne.
Myce. Full true thou speakst, & like thy selfe my lord,
Whom I may terme a Damon for thy love:
Therefore tis best, if so it like you all,

To

To send my thousand horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paltrie Scythian.
How like you this, my honorable Lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution?
Cosr. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.
Myce. Then heate thy charge, brauest Theridamas
The chiefest Captaine of Mycetes hoste,
The hope of Persea, and the verie legge
Whereon our state doth leane, as on a staffe,
That holds vs vp, and feares our neighbours force:
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foming gelles with rage and high disdaine,
Haue sworne the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go frowning forth, but come thou smyling home,
As did Sir Paris with the Grecian dame,
Returne with speed, time passeth swift away,
Our life is fraile, and we may dye to day.
Ther. Before the Moone renew her borrowed light
Doubt not my Lord and gratious Soueraigne,
But Tamburlaine, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercie at your highnesse feet.
Myce. Go, stout Theridimas, thy words are swords,
And with thy lookes thou conquerest al thy foes:
I long to see thee backe returne from thence,
That I may view the lesse white siluer of mine
Filled with the heads of killed men,
And from their knees, even to their hoofes below,
Belmer'd with blood, that makes a deadly shew.
The. Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leaue.
Myc. Therid. Farewell ten thousand times, (Exit.
Ah, Menaphon, why staiest thou thus behind,
When other men presse forward for renowne?
Go Menaphon, go into Scythia,
And bost thy foot follow Theridamas:
Cos. Pray, pray you let him stay, a greater

Fits Menaphon, than warring with a theefe:
Create him Viceroy of Affrica,
That he may win the Babilonians hearts,
Which will reuolt from Persean gouernment,
Vnlesse they haue a wiser King than you.
Myc. Vnlesse they haue a wiser king than you:
These are his words, Meander set them downe.
Cos. And ad this to them, that all Asia
Lament to see the folies of their King.
Myc. Well here I sweare by this my royal seat,
Cos. You may doe well to kisse it then.
Myc. Embost with golde as best becomes my state,
To be reuengd for these contemptuous words.
O where is duetie and allegeance now?
Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean maine?
What shall I call thee brother? No, a foe,
Monster of Nature, shame vnto thy stocke,
That dar'st presume thy Soueraigne for to mocke.
Meander come, I am abusd Meander. Exit.
Manent Cosroe & Menaphon.
Mena. How now my Lord, what mated and amazd
To heare the king thus threaten like himselfe?
Cos. Ah Menaphon, I passe not for his threates,
The plot is laid by Persean Noblemen,
And Captaines of the Medean garrisons,
To crowne me Emperour of Asia,
But this it is that doth excruciate
The very substance of my vexed soule:
To see our neighbours that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persean Monarkes name,
Now sit and laugh our regiment to scorne,
And that which makes me rent my haire for woe:
That from the farthest Septentrionall line,
Haue swarm'd in troopes into the Easterne India:
Leading their lyues with golde and pretious stones,
And made their Sheeles from all our prouinces.

Mena.

Mena. This should intreat your highnesse to reioice,
Since Fortune giues you opportunity,
To gaine the tytle of a Conquerour,
By curing of this maymed Emperie,
Affrike and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your Dominions:
How easily may you with a mightie hoste,
Passe into Græcia, as did Cyrus once?
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Least you subdue the pride of Christendome. (sound.
Col. But Menaph, what meanes this trumpets
Mena. Behold, my Lord Ortygius, and the rest,
Bringing the crowne to make you Emperour.

Enter Ortygius & Conerus bearing a Crowne with others.

Ort. Magnificent and mightie Prince Cosroe,
We in the name of other Persean states.
And commons of this mightie Monarchy,
Present thee with the Emperiall Diadem.
Cene. The warlike Souldiers, and the Gentlemen,
That heretofore haue fild Persepolis
With Affrike Captaines, taken in the field,
Whose ransome made them march in coates of Golde,
With costlie Jewels hanging at their eares,
And shining stones vpon their lofftie Crestes,
Now liuing idle in the walled townes,
Wanting both pay and martiall discipline,
Begin in troopes to threaten ciuill warre,
And openly exclaime against their king.
Therefore to stay all sodaine mutinies,
We will inuest your highnesse Emperour
Whereat the Souldiers will conceiue more ioy.
Then did the Macedontans at the spoile
Of great Darius and his wealthy hoast.
Cos. Wel since I see the state of Persea droope,
And languish in my Brothers gouernment:

I willingly receiue th'imperial crowne,
And vow to weare it for my countries good,
In spight of them shall malice my estate.
Ortig. And in assurance of desired successe,
We here doo crowne thee Monarch of the East,
Emperour of Asia, and Persea
Great Lord of Media and Armenia,
Duke of Affrica and Albania,
Mesoporamia and of Parthia,
East India and the late discouered Iles,
Chiefe Lord of all the wide vast Euxine sea,
And of the euer raging Caspian Lake.
Long liue Cosroe mightie Emperour.
Cosr. And loue may neuer let me longer liue,
Then I may seeke to gratifie your loue.
And cause the Souldiers that thus honor me,
To triumph ouer many Prouinces,
By whose desires of discipline in Armes,
I doubt not shortly but to raigne sole king,
And with the Armie of Theridamas,
whither we presently will hie (my Lords)
To rest secure against my brothers force. (crowne.
Ortyg. We knew my Lord, before we brought the
Intending your intention so neere,
The residence of your deprived brother,
The Lord would not be so ere aspirate,
To iniurie or suppresse your worthy state:
Or if they would, there are in readines
Ten thousand horse to carrie you from hence,
In spight of all suspected enemies.
Cosr. I know it well my Lord and thanke you all.
Ortyg. Sound by the trumpets then,
God saue the king. Exeunt.

Actvs I. Scena. II.

Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate: Techelles, Vsumcasane, other Lords and Souldiers loden with treasure.

Tam. COme Madam, let not this appall your thoughts
The iewels and the treasure we haue tane
Shall be reserv'd, and you in better state,
Than if you were arriv'd in Siria,
Euen in the circle of your Fathers armes.
The mightie Soldan of Egypria.

Zeno. Ah Shepheard, pity my distressed plight,
(If as thou seem'st, thou art so meane a man)
And seeke not to inrich thy followers,
By lawlesse rapine from a silly Maide,
Who trauelling both these Ægyptian Lords
To Memphis, from my Vncles country of Medea,
Where all my youth I haue been gouerned,
Haue past the armie of the mightie Turke:
Bearing his princely Signet and his hand,
To safe conduct my person into Affrica:
And since we haue arriv'd in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We haue his highnesse letters to command
Aide and assistance for our speedie return.

Tech. We must obey you for these letters of commander
Are more regarded by a greater man
And through my vprores you must expect
Lesse resistance from my mightinesse,
If you attempt to keep your treasure safe.
But since I heare you craue no liberty,
As easily may you gaine your owne consent,
As any violence vse of my power:
For they are friends that helpe to adorne my state,
Till men and kingdomes do conspire to strengthen it:
And must maintaine my life opposite from seruitude,

But

But tell me madam, is your grace betroth'd?
Zen. I am (my Lord,) for so you doe import.
Tam. I am a Lord, for so my deedes shall prooue,
And yet a shepheard by my Parentage:
But Lady, this faire face and heauenly hew,
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia:
And means to be a terrour to the world,
Measuring the limits of his Empire
By East and West, as Phœbus doth his course:
Lie here ye weedes that I disdaine to weare,
This compleat armor, and this curtleaxe
Are adiuncts more decerning Tamburlaine.
And Madam, whatsomer you entertaine
Of this successe, and liberall bountie,
Both may inuest you Empresse of the East:
And these that seeme but silly country Swaines,
May haue the leading of a great armie,
As with their weight shall make the mountaines quake.
Euen as when windy exhalations
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.
Tech. As princely lions when within their cages
Stretching themselues, and comforting their pawes.
So in his chaines enraues Tamburlaine.
Me thinks I see his foes come crouching to his feet,
And he with frowning lookes and stern disdaine
Spurning their proffered loues disdainefully.
Vium. And making thee supreme commaunder of his armie,
That euen at hand with fortune
Tamb. Noble and faire Lady, these friends and followers,
These Lords (pardie) doe serue me for my crowne,
And thinke me prattle with delusions
But sith the heauens and you conspire my rise,
That in conceit beare
Affecting thoughts
They shall be kings
To wait
Zen.

Zen. The Gods defenders of the innocent,
will neuer prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppresse poore friendles passengers.
Therefore at least admit vs libertie,
Euen as thou hopst to be eternized,
By liuing Asias mightie Emperour.

Agid. I hope our Ladies treasure and our owne,
May serue for ransome to our liberties:
Returne our Mules and emptie Camels backe,
That we may trauell into Siria,
Where her betrothed Lord Alcidamus,
Expects the arriuall of her highnesse person.

Mag. And whersoeuer we repose our selues,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.

Tamb. Disdaines Zenocrate to liue with me?
Or you my Lordes to be my followers?
Thinke you I waigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the Gold in India's wealthy armes,
Shall buy the meanest souldier in my traine.
Zenocrate, louelier than the loue of loue,
Brighter than is the siluer Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hils,
Thy person is more woorth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persian Crowne,
Which Gratians starres haue promist at my birth,
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds, swifter than Pegasus.
Thy Garments shall be made of Medean silke,
Enchast with pretious iewels of mine owne:
More rich and valurous than Zenocrates.
With milke-white Harts vpon an Ebonie sled,
Thou shalt be drawen amidst the frosen Poles,
And scale the pyle mountains lofty tops:
Which with thy beautie will be soone resolu'd.
My martial prizes with fiue hundred men,
Won on the fierie headed Vuolgas waues,

Shall we offer to Zenocrate,
And then my selfe to faire Zenocrate.
Tech. What now? In love?
Tam. Techelles, women must be flattered,
But this is she with whom I am in love.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Newes, newes.
Tamb. How now, what's the matter?
Sould. A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the King to overcome us all.
Tam. How now my Lords of Egypt & Zenocrate?
Now must your jewels be rekov'd againe:
And I that triumpht so be overcome.
How say you Lordings, Is not this your hope?
Agid. We hope your self will willingly rekove them.
Tam. Such hope, such fortune have the thousand horse,
Hold ye my Lords and sweet Zenocrate, (horse.
you must be forced from me ere you goe.
A thousand horsmen? We five hundred foote?
An odds too great, for us to stand against:
But are they rich? And is their armour good?
Sould. Their plumed helmes are wrought with beaten golde,
Their swords enameld, and about their necks
Hangs massie chaines of golde downe to the waste,
In every part exceeding brave and rich.
Tam. Then shall we fight courageously with them?
Or looke you, I should play the Orator?
Tech. No: cowards and faint-hearted runnawayes,
Looke for orations when the foe is neere.
Our swordes shall play the Orators for us.
Vsum. Come let us meet them at the mountaine foot,
And with a lodaine and an hot alarum
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.
Tech. Come let us march.
Tam. Stay Techelles, ad're a parle first,

The

The Souldiers enter.

Open the Gates, yet guard the treasure sure.
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflexions may amaze the Persians.
And looke we friendly on them when they come:
But if they offer word or violence,
Weele fight fiue hundred men at armes to one,
Before we part with our possession:
And gainst the Generall we will lift our swords
And either launch his greedie thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chaine shall serue
For Manacles, till he be ransom'd home.
Tech. I heare them come, shall wee encounter them:
Tam. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foot,
My selfe will bide the danger of the hunt.

Enter Theridamas with others.

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?
Tam. Who seekst thou Persian? I am Tamburlaine.
Ther. Tamburlaine? A Scythian Shepherd
so imbellished
With Natures pride, and richest furniture?
His looks do menace heauen & dare the Gods,
His fiery eies are fixt vpon the earth.
As if he now deuis'd some Stratageme:
Or meant to pierce Auernus darksome vaults.
To pull the triple headed dog from hell.
Tamb. Noble and milde this Persian seemes to be,
If outward habit Iudge the inward man.
Tech. His deepe affections make him passionate.
Tamb. With what a maiestie he rears his looks
In thee (thou valiant man of Persea,)
I see the folly of thy Emperour:
Art thou but Captaine of a thousand horse,
That by Characters grauen in thy browes,
And by thy martiall face and stout aspect,
Deseru'st to haue the leading of an hoste?

For

Forsake thy king and do but ioyne with me
And we will triumphouer al the world,
I hold the Fates bound fast in yron chaines,
And with my hand turne Fortunes wheel about,
And sooner shall the Sun fall from his Sphearc
Than Tamburlaine be slaine or ouercome.
Draw forth thy sword, thou mightie man at armes,
Intending but to raise my charmed skin:
And loue himselfe will stretch his hand from heauen,
To ward the blow, and shield me safe from harme,
See how he raines downe heapes of gold in showers.
As if he meant to giue my souldiers pay,
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the Monarke of the East.
He sends this Souldans daughter rich and braue,
To be my Queene and portly Emperesse,
If thou wilt stay with me renowmed man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martiall spoyle
Of conquered kingdomes, and of Cities sackt,
Both we will walke vpon the lofty cliffes,
And Cyrilian Merchants that with Russian stems
Plow vp huge furrowes in the Caspian sea,
Shall vaile to vs, as Lords of al the Lake.
Both we will raigne as Consuls of the earth,
And mightie kings shall be our Senators.
Ioue sometime masked in a shepheards weede,
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the heauens,
May we become immortall like the Gods.
Ioine with me now in this my meane estate,
(I call it meane, because being yet obscure,
The nations far remoou'd admire me not)
And when my name and honor shall be spread,
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
Or faire Boetes sends his cherefull light.

Then shalt thou be Competitor with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in al his maiestie.
Ther. Not Hermes Prolocutor to the Gods,
Could vse perswasions more pathetical.
Tam. Nor are Apollos Oracles more true,
Then thou shalt finde my vaunts substantiall,
Tech. We are his friends, and if the Persean king,
Should offer present Dukedomes to our state,
We thinke it losse to make exchange for that,
We are assured of by our friends successe.
Vsum. And kingdomes at the least we al expect,
Besides the honor in assured conquests:
Where kings shall crouch vnto our conquering swords,
And hosts of Souldiers stand amazd at vs,
When with their fearfull tongues they shall confesse
These are the men that al the world admires, (soule
The. What strong enchantments tice my yeelding
Are these resolued noble Scythyans?
But shall I proove a traitor to my King?
Tamb. No, but the trustie friend of Tamburlaine,
Ther. Won with thy words, & conquered with thy
I yeeld my selfe, my mens & horse to thee: (looks,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintaines Theridimas.
Tam. Theridimas my friend, take here my hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by heauen,
And call'd the Gods to witnesse of my vowe,
Thus shall my heart be stil combinde with thine,
Vntill our bodies turne to Elements:
And both our soules aspire celestiall thrones.
Techelles, and Casane, welcome him.
Tech. Welcome renowmed Persean to vs all.
Cas. Long may Theridimas remain with vs.
Tam. These are my frends in whom I more reioyce,
Than doth the King of Persea in his Crowne:
And by the loue of Pylades and Orestes,

Whose statutes we adore in Scythia,
Thy selfe and them shall neuer part from me,
Before I crowne you kings in Asia.
Make much of them gentle Theridamas,
And they will neuer leaue thee till the death.
Ther. Nor thee, nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine
Shal want my heart to be with gladnesse pierc'd
To do you honor and securitie.
Tam. A thousand thankes worthy Theridamas:
And now faire Madam, and my noble Lordes,
If you wil willingly remaine with me,
You shall haue honors, as your merits be:
Or els you shal be forc'd with slauerie.
Agid. We yeeld vnto thee happie Tamburlaine.
Tamb. For you then Madam, I am out of doubt,
Zeno. I must be pleasde perforce, wretched
(Zenocrate. * Exeunt.

Actvs II. Scæna. I.

Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with other Souldiers.

Cosroe.

THus farre are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune,
Beares figures of renowne and myracle:
But tell me, that hast scene him, Menaphon,
What stature wields he, and what personage?
Mena. Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift vpwards and diuine,
So large of limes, his ioints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainely beare
Olde Atlas burthen, twixt his manly pitch,
A pearle more worth, then all the world is plaste:

Wherein

wherein by curious soueraignтie of Art,
Are fixt his piercing instruments of sight:
And whose fiery circles beare encompassed
A heauen of heauenly bodies in their Spheares:
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honors sits inuested royally:
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with soueraignty with loue of armes,
His loftie browes in folded figures death,
And in their smoothnesse, amitie and life:
About them hangs a knot of Amber haire.
Wrapped in curles, as fierce Achilles was,
On which the breath of heauen delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton maiestie:
His armes and fingers long and snowy,
Betokening valour and excesse of strength:
In euery part proportioned like the man,
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.
Cos. Wel hast thou pourtraid in thy tearms of life,
The face and personage of a wondrous man:
Nature doth striue with Fortune and his stars,
To make him famous in accomplisht worth:
And wel his merits shew him to be made
His Fortunes maister, and the king of men.
That could perswade at such a sodaine pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand sworne and ouer-matching foes:
Then when our powers in points of swords are join'd
And closde in compasse of the killing bullet,
Though straite the passage and the port be made.
That leads to Pallace of my brothers life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the princely Persean Diadem,
Shall ouerweigh his wearie witlesse head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,
In faire Persea noble Tamburlain

Shall be my Regent, and remaine as King:
Ort. In happie houre we haue set the Crowne
Vpon your Kingly head, that seeks our honor,
In ioyning with the man ordaind by heauen
To further euerie action to the best.
Cen. He that with shepheards and a little spoyle,
Durst in disdaine of wrong and tyrannie,
Defend his freedome gainst a Monarchie:
What will he doe supported by a king?
Leading a troope of Gentlemen and Lords,
And stuft with treasure for his highest thoughts.
Cos. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine,
Our armie will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlain and braue Theridamas
Haue met vs by the riuer Araris:
And all contein'd to meete the witlesse King,
That now is marching neere to Parthia.
And with vnwilling souldiers faintly arm'd,
To seeke reuenge on me and Tamburlaine.
To whom sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.
Mena. I will my Lord. Exeunt.

Actvs. II. Scæna. II.

Mycetes, Meander with other Lordes and Souldiers.

Mycetes.

COme my Meander, let vs to this geere,
I tel you true my hart is swolne with wrath,
On this same theeuish villain Tamburlain.
And of that false Cosroe, my traiterous brother,
Would it not grieue a King to be so abusd?
And haue a thousand horsmen tane away?
And which is worse to haue his Diadem
Sought for by such scalde knaues as loue him not:
I thinke it would: wel then, by heauens I sweare,

Aurora

Aurora shall not peepe out of her doores,
But I will haue Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword.
Tell you the rest (Meander I haue said.

Mean. Then hauing past Armenian deserts now,
And pitcht our tents vnder the Georgean hills,
Whose tops are couered with Tartarian theeues,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a pray:
What should we doe but bid them battel straight,
And rid the world of those detested troopes?
Least if we let them linger here a while,
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This countrey swarmes with vile outragious men,
That liue by rapine and by lawlesse spoile,
Fit souldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine.
And he that could with giftes and promises
Inueigle him that lead a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith vnto his King,
Will quickly win such as be like himselfe.
Therefore cheere vp your mindes, prepare to fight,
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine,
Shall rule the Prouince of Albania.
Who brings that traitors head Theridamas,
Shall haue a gouernment in Medea:
Beside the spoyle of him and all his traine:
But if Cosroe (as our Spials say,
And as we know) remaines with Tamburlain,
His Highnesse pleasure is that he should liue,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenitie.

A Spy. An hundred horsemen of my companie
Scowting abroad vpon these champion plaines,
Haue view'd the army of the Scythians,
Which make report it far exceeds the Kings.

Mean. Suppose they be in number infinit,
Yet being void of Martiall discipline,
All running headlong after greedie spoiles:

And more regarding gaine than victorie:
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprong of the teeth of Dragons venemous,
Their carelesse swords shal lanch their fellowsthroats
And make vs triumph in their ouerthrow.
Myc. Was their such brethren, sweet Meander, say
That sprong of teeth of Dragons venemous?
Mean. So Poets say my Lord.
Myc. And tis a prettie toy to be a Poet.
Wel, wel (Meander) thou art deepely read:
And hauing thee, I haue a iewell sure:
Go on my Lord, and giue your charge I say,
Thy wit wil make vs Conquerors to day.
Mean. Then noble souldiers to intrap these theeues,
That liue confounded in disordered troopes,
If wealth or riches may preuaile with them,
We haue our Cammels laden all with gold:
Which you that be but common souldiers,
Shall fling in euery corner of the field:
And whilst the base borne Tartars take it vp,
You fighting more for honor than for gold:
Shall massacre those greedie minded slaues.
And when their scattered armie is subdu'd:
And you march on their slaughtered carkasses,
Share equally the gold that bought their liues,
And liue like Gentlmen in Persea,
Strike vp the Drum and martch courragiously,
Fortune her selfe doth sit vpon our Crests.
Myc. He tels you true, my maisters, so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not when Mean. speaks. Exeunt.

Actvs II. Scæna. III.

Cosroe. Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Ortygius, with others.

Cos.

Now

Now worthy Tamburlaine, haue I repos'd,
In thy approued Fortunes all my hope,
What thinkst thou man, shal come of our attempts?
For euen as from assured oracle,
I take thy doome for satisfaction.

Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit my Lord,
For fates and Oracles, heauen haue sworne,
To roialise the deeds of Tamburlaine:
And make them blest that share in his attempts,
And doubt you not, but if you fauour mee,
And let my Fortunes and my valour sway,
To scorne direction in your matial deeds,
The world wil striue with hostes of men at armes,
To swarme vnto the Ensigne I support,
The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said
To drinke the mighty Parthian Araris,
Was but a handfull to that we will haue.
Our quiuering Lances shaking in the aire,
And bullets like Ioues dreadfull Thunderbolts,
Enrolde in flames and fiery smoldering mistes,
Shall threat the Gods more than Cyclopian warres,
And with our Sun-bright armour as we march,
We'l chase the Starrs from heauen, and dim their eies
That stand and muse at our admyred armes. (hath.

The. You see my Lord, what working wordes hee
But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth,
As I shalbe commended and excusde
For turning my poore charge to his direction.
And these his two renowmed friends my Lord,
Would make one thrust and striue to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amity.

Tech. With duty not with amitie we yeelde
Our vtmost seruice to the faire Cosroe.

Cos. Which I esteeme as portion of my crowne
Vsumcasane and Techelles both,

when heer that rules in Rhamnis golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous Armes:
Shal make me solely Emperour of Asia,
Then shall your meeds and vallours be advaunst
To roomes of honour and Nobilitie.
Tam. Then hast Cosroe to be king alone,
That I with these my friends & all my men,
May triumph in our long expected Fate,
The King your brother is now hard at hand,
Meete with the foole, and rid your royall shoulders
Of such a burden, as outweighs the sands
And all the craggie rockes of Caspea.
Mess. My Lord, we have discovered the enemie
Readie to Charge you with a mightie army.
Cos. Come Tamburlain, now whet thy winged sword
And lift thy loftie arme into the cloudes,
That it may reach the King of Persea crowne,
And set it safe on my victorious head.
Tam. See where it is, the keenest Cutle-axe,
That ere made passage thorow Persean Armes,
These are the wings shall make it flie as swift,
As doth the lightening: or the breath of heaven,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.
Cos. Thy words assure me of kind successe:
Go valiant Souldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish King.
Tam. Vsumcasane and Techelles come,
We are enow to scarre the enemie,
And more then needes to make an Emperour.

To the Battaile, and Mycetes comes out alone with his Crowne in his hand, offering to hide it.

Myc. Accurst be he that first inuented war,
They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,
How those were hit by pelting Cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quiuering Aspen leafe,

Fearing

Fearing the force of Boreas boistrous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not giuen me wisedomes lore?
For kings are clouts that euery man shoots at,
Our Crowne the pin that thousands seeke to cleane.
Therefore in policie I thinke it good
To hide it close: a goodly Strategem,
And far from any man that is a foole.
So shall not I be knowne, or if I bee,
They cannot take away my crowne from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlaine.

Tam. What fearefull coward straggling from the camp,
when Kings themselues are present in the field.

Myc. Thou liest.

Tam. Base villaine, darst thou giue the lie?

Myc. Away, I am the King: go, touch me not.
Thou breakst the law of Armes vnlesse thou kneele.
And cry me mercie, noble King.

Tam. Are you the witty King of Persea?

Myc. I marrie am I: haue you any sute to me?

Tam. I would intreate you to speake but three wise words.

Myc. So I can when I see my time,

Tam. Is this your Crowne?

Myce. I, Didst thou euer see a fairer?

Tam. You will not sell it, will ye?

Myce. Such another word, and I will haue thee executed
Come giue it me.

Tamb. No, I tooke it prisoner.

Myce. You lie, I gaue it you.

Tam. Then tis mine

Myce. No, I meane I let you keepe it.

Tam. Well I meane you shal haue it againe.
Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,
Till I may see thee hem'd with armed men.

Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mightie Tamburlaine.
Myce. O Gods is this Tamburlaine the thiefe?
I marueile much he stole it not away.
Sound trompets to the battell, and he runs in.
Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon, Meander,
Ortygius, Techelles, Vsumeasane, with others.
Tam. Hold thee Cosr. weare two imperiall crownes,
Thinke thee inuested nowe as royally,
Euen by the mightie hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many kings as could encompasse thee,
With greatest pompe had crown'd thee Emperour.
Cosr. So doe I thrice renowmed man at armes,
And none shall keepe the crowne but Tamburlaine:
Thee doe I make my Regent of Persea,
And generall Lieftenant of my Armies.
Meander, you that were our brothers Guide,
And chiefe Counsailor in all his actes,
Since he is yeelded to the stroke of warre,
On your submission we with thankes excuse,
And giue you equall place in our affaires.
Mean. Most happie Emperour in humblest tearmes,
I vow my seruice to your Maiestie,
With vtmost vertue of my fait hand duetie.
Cosr. Thankes good Meander, then Cosroe raygne,
And gouerne Persia in her former pompe:
Now send Ambassage to thy neighbor Kinges,
And let them know the Persian King is chang'd:
From one that knew not what a King should doe,
To one that can commaund what longs there to:
And now we will to faire Persepolis,
With twentie thousande expert souldiers.
The Lords and Captaines of my brothers campe,
With little slaughter take Meanders course,
Gladly yeeld them to my gracious rule:
And Menaphon, my trustie friendes,

Now

Now will I gratifie your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.
Ort. And as we euer and at your behoofe,
And sought your state, all honor is deseru'd,
So will we with our powers and liues,
Indeuor to preserue and prosper it.
Cosr. I will not thanke thee (sweete Ortigius)
Better replies shall prooue my purposes.
And now Lord Tamburlaine, my brothers Campe
I leaue to thee, and to Theridamas,
To follow me to fayre Persepolis.
Then will we march to all those Indian Mines,
My wittelesse brother to the Christians lost:
And ransome them with fame and bluris.
And till thou ouertake me Tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scattered troppes)
Farewell Lord Regent, and his happy friendes,
I long to sit vppon my brothers throne,
Mean. Your Maiestie shall shortly haue your wish.
And ride in triumph through Persepolis Exeunt.

Manent Tamb. Tech. Ther. Vsum.

Tamb. And ride in triumph through Persepolis?
Is it not braue to bee a King, Techelles?
Vsumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing braue to be a King,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?
Tech. O my Lord, tis sweete and full of pompe,
Vsum. To be a King, is halfe to bee a God.
Ther. A God is not so glorious as a King:
I thinke the pleasure they inioy in heauen
Cannot compare with kingly ioyes in earth,
To weare a Crowne enchac'd with pearle and Golde,
Whose vertues carrie with it life and death,
To aske, and haue: commaund and be obeyed.
When lookes breed loue, with looks to gaine the prize.
Such power attractiue shines in Princes eyes.

Tambur.

Tam. Why say Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?
Ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can liue without it.
Tam. What sayes my other friends, will you be kings?
Tech. I, if I could with all my heart my Lord.
Tam. Why that's wel said Techelles, so would I,
And so would you my maisters, would you not?
Vsum. What then my Lord?
Tam, Why then Casanes shall we wish for ought
The world affords in greatest nouelcie,
And rest attemptlesse faint and destitute?
Me thinks we should not, I am strongly mou'd,
That if I should desire the Persean Crowne,
I could attaine it with a wondrous ease,
And would not all our souldiers soone consent,
If we should aime at such a dignitie?
Ther. I know they would with our perswasions.
Tam, Why then Theridamas, I le first assay,
To get the Persean kingdome to my selfe
Then thou for Parthia, they for Scythia and Medea.
And if I prosper, all shall be as sure,
As if the Turke, the Pope, Affrike and Greece,
Came creeping to vs with their crownes apace.
Tech. Then shall we send to this triumphing King.
And bid him battell for his nouel crowne?
Vsum. May quickly then, before his rome be hot.
Tam. Twil proue a prettie iest (in faith) my friends.
The. A iest to charge on twenty thousand men?
I iudge the purchase more important far.
Tam Iudge by thy selfe Theridamas, not me,
For presently Techelles here shall hast.
To bid him battel ere he passe too farre,
And lose more labor than the gaine will quite.
Then shalt thou see this Scythian Tamburlain,
Make but a iest to win the Persean crowne
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turne his backe to war with vs.

That

That onely made him King to make vs sport.
We will not steale vpon him cowardly,
But giue him warning and more warriours.
Haste thee Techelles, we will follow thee.
What saith Theridamas?
Ther. Goe on for me. Exeunt.

Actvs. II. Scæna. VI.

Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, with other Souldiers.

Cos.

What meanes this deuilish shepheard to aspire
With such a giantly presumption,
To cast vp hils against the face of heauen:
And dare the force of angry Iupiter.
But as he thrust them vnderneath the hils,
And prest out fire from their burning iawes:
So will I send this monstrous slaue to hell,
Where flames shal euer feed vpon his soule.

Mean. Some powers diuine, or els infernall, mixt
Their angry seedes at his conception:
For he was neuer sprong of humaine race,
Since with the spirit of his fearefull pride,
He dares so doubtlesly resolue of rule.
And by profession be ambitious.

Ort. What God or Feend, or spirit of the earth,
Or Monster turned to a manly shape,
Or of what mould or mettel he be made,
What star or state soeuer gouern him,
Let vs put on our meet incountering mindes,
And in detesting such a diuelish Thiefe,
In loue of honor and defence of right
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heauen he grow.

Cos. Nobly resolu'd my good Ortygius.

And since we all haue suckt on wholsome aire,
And with the same proportion of Elements,
Resolue, I hope we are resembled,
Vowing our loues to equall death and life,
Let's cheere our souldiers to incounter him,
That grieuous image of ingratitude:
That fiery thirster after Soueraignetie:
And burne him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and Empery.
Resolue my Lords and louing souldiers now,
To sane your king and country from decay:
Then strike vp Drum, and all the starres that make
The loathsome Circle of my dated life.
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the Gods,
And scornes the Powers that gouerne Persea.

Enter to the battel, & after the battell, enter Cosroe wounded, Theridamas, Tamburlain, Techelles, Vsumcasane, with others.

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprriue me of my crowne and life.
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Euen at the morning of my happie state,
Scarce being seated in my royall throne,
To worke my downfall and vntimely end.
An vncouth paine torments my grieued soule,
And death arrests the organe of my voyce.
Who entring at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sackes euery vaine and artier of my heart,
Bloodie and insatiate Tamburlaine.

Tam. The thirst of raigne and sweetnes of a crowne,
That caus'd the eldest sonne of heauenly Ops,
To thrust his doting father from his chaire,
And place himselfe in the Empriall heauen,
Moou'd me to menage armes against thy state.
What better president than mightie Ioue?

Nature

Nature that fram'd vs of foure Elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach vs all to haue aspyring minds:
Our soules, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous Architecture of the world:
And measure every wandring planets course,
Still climing after knowledge infinite,
And alwaies moning as the restles spheares,
Wils vs to weare our selues & neuer rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruites of all,
That perfect blisse and sole felicitie,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crowne.

Ther. And that made me to ioyne with Tamburlain,
For he is grosse and like the massie earth,
That mones not vpwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth meane to soare aboue the highest sort.

Tech. And that made vs the friends of Tamburlaine,
To lift our swords against the Persean King.

Vsum. For as when Ioue did thrust olde Saturn down,
Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crowne.
So do we hope to raigne in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persea.

Cos. The strangest men that euer nature made
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodlesse bodie waxeth chill and colde,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound,
My soule begins to take her flight to hell,
And summones all my sences to depart:
The heat and moisture which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both,
Is drie and colde, and now doth gastly death
With grædie tallents gripe my bleeding hart,
And like a Harpye tires on my life.
Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die,
And fearefull vengeance light vpon you both.

He takes the Crowne and puts it on.

Tamb.

Tam. Not al the curses which thy furies breath,
Shal make me leaue so rich a prise as this.
Theridamas, Techelles and the rest,
Who thinke you now is king of Persea?
All. Tamburlaine, Tamburlain. (armes;
Tam. Though Mars himselfe the angry God of
And all the earthly Potentates conspire,
To dispossesse me of this Diadem:
Yet wil I weare it in despight of them,
As great commander of this Eastearne world,
If you but say that tamburlaine shall raigne.
All. Long liue Tamburlain, and raigne in Asia.
Tam. So, now it is more surer on my head,
Than if the Gods had held a Parliament:
And all pronounst me king of Persea.

Finis Actvs. II.

Actvs. III. Scæna. I.

Baiazeth, the kinges of Fess. Moroco, and Argier, with others in, great pompe,

Baiazeth.

GReat Kings of Barbary, and my worthy Vassoes,
If we heare, the Tartars and the Easterne theeues:
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your Emperour:
And thinke to rouse vs from our dreadfull siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.
You know our armie is inuincible:
As many circumcized Turkes we haue,
And warlike bands of Christians renyed,
As hath the Ocean or the Terrene sea
Small drops of water, when the Moon begins
To ioyne in one her semi-circled hornes:
Yet would we not be drau'd with forrain power,
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yeeld.
Or breathlesse lie before the city walles.

Fess.

Fess. Renowmed Empetour and mightie Generall
What if you sent the Vallors of your guard,
To charge him to remaine in Asia,
Or els to threaten death and deadly armes,
As from the mouth of mightie Baiazeth.
Bai, Hie thee my Vallor fast to Persea,
Tel him thy Lord the Turkish Emperour,
Dread Lord of Affrike, Europe and Asia,
Great King and conquerour of Grecia,
The Ocean, Terrene, and the cole-blake sea,
The high and highest Monarke of the world,
Wils and commands (for say not I intreat)
Not once to set his foot in Affrica,
Or spread his collours in Grecia.
Least he incurre the furie of my wrath.
Tell him, I am content to take a truce,
Because I heare he beares a valiant minde.
But if presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to menage Armes with me,
Then stay thou with him, say I bid thee so.
And if before the Sunne haue measured heauen
With triple circuit thou regrett vs not,
We meane to take his mornings next arise.
For messenger, he will not be reclaim'd,
And meane to fetch thee in despight of him.
Bass. Most great and puisant Monarke of the earth,
Your Vassoe will accomplish your behest:
And shew your pleasure to the Persean,
As fits the Legate of the stately Turke. Exit. Bass.
Arg. They say he is the king of Persea.
But if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
Twere requisite he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.
Bai. True (Argier) and trembles at my lookes.
Moro. The spring is hindered by your smothering host.
For neither ram can fall vpon the earth,

Nor Sun reflexe his vertuous beames thereon:
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.
Bai. All this is true as holy Mahomet,
And all the trees are blasted with our breathes.
Fess. What thinks your greatnes best to be atchiev'd
In pursuit of the Cities overthrow?
Bai. I will the captive Pioners of Argier,
Cut off the water, that by leaden pipes
Runs to the citie from the mountain Carnon,
Two thousand horse shal forrage up and downe,
That no reliefe or succour come by land.
And all the sea my Gallies countermaund.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their Cannons mouth'd like Orcus gulfe
Batter the walles, and we will enter in:
And thus the Grecians shalbe conquered. Exeunt.

Actvs III. Scæna. II.

Agydas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with others.

MAdam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits:
That worke such trouble to your wonted rest:
'Tis more then pitty such a heavenly face
Should by hearts sorrow wax so wan and pale,
When your offensive rape by Tamburlain,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)
Hath seem'd to be digested long agoe.
Zen. Although it be digested long agoe,
As his exceeding favours have deserv'd,
And might content the Queene of heaven as well:
As it hath chang'd my first conceiv'd disdaine:
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts,
With ceaselesse and disconsolate conceits,
Which dies my lookes so lifelesse as they are,

And

And might, if my extreames had full events,
Make me thy guilty counterfeit of death.
Agyd. Eternall heauen sooner be dissolu'd,
And all that pierceth Phœbes siluer eie,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate.
Zen. Ah, life, and soule still houer in his breast,
And leaue my body senceless as the earth.
Or els vnite you to his life and soule,
That I may liue and die with Tamburlaine.
Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.
Agyd. What Tamburlaine? Ah faire Zenocrate
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despight,
And keeps you from the honors of a Queene,
Being supposde his worthiest Concubine:
Be honored with your loue, but for necessitie.
So now the mighty Souldan heares of you,
Your highnesse needs not doubt but in short time,
He will with Tamburlaines destruction
Redeeme you from this deadly seruitude.
Zen. Leaue to vpbraid me with these words,
And speake of Tamburlaine as he deserues:
The entertainment we haue had of him,
Is far from villanie or seruitude,
And might in noble minds be counted princely.
Agyd. How can you fancie one that looks so fierce,
Onely disposed to martiall Stratagems?
Who when he shall embrace you in his armes
Will tell how many thousand men he slew,
And when you looke for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood:
Too harsh a subiect for your daintie eares.
Zen. As looks the sun through Nilus flowing stream,
Or when the morning holds him in her armes.
So looks my Lordly loue, faire Tamburlaine:
His talke much sweeter than the Muses song,

They sung for honor gainst Pierides.
Or when Minerua did with Neptune strive,
And higher would I reare my estimate,
Than Iuno sister to the highest God,
If I were matcht with mightie Tamburlaine.
Agid. Yet be not so inconstant in your loue,
But let the young Arabian liue in hope,
After your rescue to inioy his choise.
You see though first the King of Persea
(Being a shepheard) seem'd to loue you much,
Now in his maiesty he leaues those lookes,
Those words of fauour, and those comforting,
And giues no more than common courtesies.
Zen. Thence rise the teares that so disdaine my cheeks,
Fearing his loue through my vnworthynesse.
Tamburlaine goes to her, and takes her away lovingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agidas, and saies nothing.
Agid. Betraide by fortune and suspitious loue,
Threatned with frowning wrath and iealousie,
Surpriz'd with fears and hideous reuenge,
I stand agast: but most astonied
To see his choller shut in secrete thoughtes,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soule.
Vpon his browes was pourtraid vgly death,
And in his eies the furies of his heart,
That shine as Comets, menacing reueng,
And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the Sea-man sees the Hyades
Gather an armie of Cemerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with winged Steeds
All sweating, tilt about the watery heauens,
With shiuering speares enforcing thunderclaps,
And from their shields strike flames of lightening)
All fearefull foldes his sailes, and sounds the maine,
Lifting his prayers to the heauens for aid,

Against

Against the terrour of the winds and waues.
So fares Agydas for the late felt frowns
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughtes,
And makes my soule deuine her ouerthrow.

Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.

Tech. See you Agydas how the King salutes you.
He bids you prophesie what it imports. Exit.

Agyd. I prophecied before, and now I proue,
The killing frownes of iealousie and loue.
He needed not with words confirme my feare,
For words are vaine where working tooles present
The naked action of my threatned end.
It saies, Agydas, thou shalt surely die,
And of extremities elect the least,
More honor and lesse paine it may procure,
To dy by this resolued hand of thine,
Than stay the torments, he and heauen haue sworne.
Then haste Agydas, and preuent the plagues:
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:
Go wander free from feare of Tyrants rage.
Remoued from the torments and the hell:
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soule,
And let Agydas by Agydas die.
And with this stab slumber eternally.

Tech. Vsumcasane, see how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.

Vsum. Faith, and Techelles, it was manly done:
And since he was so wise and honorable,
Let vs afford him now the bearing hence,
And crane his triple worthy burtall.

Tech. Agreed Casane, we will honor him.

Actvs. III. Scæna. III.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Theridamas, Bassoe, Zenocrate, with others.

Tamburlaine.

Bassoe, by this thy Lord and maister knowes,
I meane to meet him in Bithynia:
See how he comes: Tush, Turkes are ful of brags
And menace more than they can well performe:
He met me in the field and fetch'd thence
Alasse (poore Turke) his fortune is too weake,
T'incounter with the strength of Tamburlaine.
View well my Camp, and speake indifferently,
Do not my captaines and my souldiers looke
As if they meant to conquer Affrica?
Bass. Your men are valiant but their number few,
And cannot terrifie his mightie hoste,
My Lord the great Commander of the worlde,
Besides fifteene contributory kings,
Hath now in armes ten thousand Janisaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian Steeds,
Brought to the warby men of Tripoly,
Two hundred thousand footmen that have serv'd
In two set battels fought in Grecia:
And for the expedition of this war,
If he thinke good, can from his garrisons,
Withdraw as many more to follow him.
Tech. The more he brings, the greater is the spoyle,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We meane to set our footmen on their Steeds,
And rifle all those stately Janisars.
Tam. But will those kings accompany your Lorde?
Bass. Such as his Highnesse please, but some must stay
To rule the prouinces hee late subdude.
Tam. Then fight courageously, their crownsare yours,
This hand shal set them on your conquering heads:
That made me Emperour of Asia.
Vsum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Westerne Affrica and Greece:
Yet we assure vs of the victorie.
Ther. Euen he that in a trice vanquisht two kings,

More

More mighty than the Turkish Emperour:
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered armie till they yeeld or die.
Tam. Well said Theridamas, speake in that mood,
For wil and shall best fitteth Tamburlain,
Whose smiling stars giue him assured hope
Of martiall triumph, ere he meet his foes:
I that am tearm'd the scourge and wrath of God,
The onely feare and terrour of the world,
Will first subdue the Turke, and then inlarge
Those Christian Captiues, which you keepe as slaues,
Burdening their bodies with your heauie chaines,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked rowe about the Terrene sea.
And when they chance to rest or breath a space,
Are punisht with Bastones so grieuously,
That they lie panting on the Galleis side.
And striue for life at euery stroke they giue,
These are the cruel pirates of Argier,
That damned train, the scum of Affrica,
Inhabited with straggling Runnagates,
That make quick hauocke of the Christian blood.
But as I liue that towne shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Affrica.

Enter Baiazeth with his Bassoes and contributory Kinges.

Bai. Bassoes and Janisaries of my Guard,
Attend vppon the person of your Lord,
The greatest Potentate of Affrica.
Tam. Techelles, and the rest prepare your swordes,
I meane to incounter with that Baiazeth.
Bai. Kings of Fesse, Moroccus and Argier,
He cals me Baiazeth, whom you call Lord.
Note the presumption of this Scythian slaue:
I tel thee villaine, those that lead my horse

Haue to their names tytles of dignitie,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Baiazeth? (horse,
Tam. And know thou Turke, that those which lead my
Shall lead thee Captiue thorow Affrica.
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?
Bai. By Mahomet, my Kinsmans sepulcher,
And by the holy Alcaron I sweare,
He shall be made a chaste and fruitlesse Eunuch,
And in my Sarell tend my Concubines:
And all his Captaines that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my Empresse,
Whom I haue brought to see their ouerthrow.
Tam. By this my sword that conquerd Persea,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world:
I will not tell thee how I le handle thee,
But euery common souldier of my Camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.
Fess. What meanes the mightie Turkish Emperor
To talke with one so base as Tamburlaine?
Moro. Ye Worthies and valiant men of Barbary,
How can ye suffer these indignities?
Ar. Leaue words & let them feele your lances points,
Which glided through the bowels of the Greekes.
Bai. Wel said my stout contributorie kings,
Your threefold armie and my hugie hoste,
Shall swallow vp these base borne Persians.
Tech. Puttam, renowmed and mightie Tamburlaine,
Why stay we thus prolonging of their liues?
The. I long to see those crownes won by our swords
That we may rule as kings of Affrica.
Vsum. What Coward would not fight for such a prize?
Tam. Fight all courageously and be you kings,
I speake it, and my words are oracles.
Bai. Zabina, mother of three braue boyes,
Than Hercules, that in his infancie
Did pash the iawes of Serpents venemous:

Whose

Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike Lance:
Their shoulders broad, for complet armour fit,
Their limbs more large and of a bigger size
Than all the brats sprang from Typhons loins:
Who, when they came vnto their fathers age,
Will batter Turrets with their manly fists.
Sit here vpon this royall chaire of state,
And on thy head weare my Imperiall Crowne,
Vntill I bring this sturdie Tamburlaine,
And all his Captaines bound in captiue chaines.
Zab. Such good successe happen to Baiazeth.
Tam. Zenocrate, the loueliest maide aliue,
Fairer than rockes of pearle and pretious stone,
The onely Paragon of Tamburlaine,
Whose eies are brighter than the Lamps of heauen,
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmonie:
That with thy looke canst cleare the darkened skie:
And calme the rage of thundering Iupiter:
Sit downe by her adorned with my Crowne,
As if thou were the Empresse of the world.
Stir not Zenocrate vntill thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing ouer him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as Vassals to thy feete.
Til then take thou my crowne, vaunt of my worth,
And menage words with her as we will armes.
Zen. And may my Loue the king of Persea
Returne with victorie, and free from wound?
Bai. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish armes,
Which lately made all Europe quake for feare:
I haue of Turkes, Arabians, Moores and Iewes
Enough to couer all Bythinia,
Let thousands die, their slaughtered Carkasses
Shall serue for walles and bulwarkes to the rest:
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power
Subdued, shal stand as mightie as before:

If

If they should yeelde their necks vnto the sword,
Thy souldiers armes could not indure to strike
So many blowes as I haue heads for thee.
Thou knowest not (saith hardie Tamburlaine)
What tis to meet me in the open field,
That leaue no ground for thee to march vpon.
Tam. Our conquering swords shal marshal vs the way
We vse to march vpon the slaughtered foe:
Trampling their bowels with our horses hoofes;
Braue horses, bred on the white Tartarian hilles:
My Campe is like to Iulius Cæsars hoste,
That neuer fought but had the victorie:
Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot warre,
As these my followers willingly would haue:
Legions of Spirits fleeting in the aire,
Direct our Bullets and our weapons points:
And make our strokes to wound the senseless lute,
And when the sees our bloodie Collours spread.
Then victorie begins to take her flight.
Resting her selfe vpon my milk white Tent:
But come my Lords, to weapons let vs fall,
The field is ours the Turk, his wife and all.

Exit, with his followers.

Bai. Come Kings and Vassoes, let vs glut our swords
That thirst to drinke the feeble Persians blood.

Exit, with his followers.

Zab. Wife Concubine, must thou be plac'd by me
That am the Empresse of the mightie Turke?
Zen. Disdainefull Turkesse and vnreuerend Basse,
Call'st thou me Concubine that am betroath'd
Vnto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?
Zab. To Tamburlaine the great Tartarian theefe?
Zen. Thou wilt repent these lauish words of thine,
When thy great Bassoe-maister and thy selfe
Must plead for mercie at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your Aduocates.

Zab.

Zab. And sue to thee? I tell thee shamelesse girle,
Thou shalt be Landresse to my waiting maide:
How wilst thou her Ebea, wil shee serue?
Ebea. Madam, she thinks perhaps she is too fine,
But I shall turne her into other weeds.
And make her daintie fingers fall to worke.
Zen. Hearst thou Anippe, how thy drudge doth talke,
And how my slaue, her mistresse menaceth:
Both for their sawcinesse shalbe employed,
To dresse the common souldiers meat and drink:
For we will scorne they should come neere our selues.
Anip. Yet somtimes let your highnesse send for them
To do the worke my chamber maid disdaines.
They sound the battell within, and stay.
Zen. Ye Gods and powers that gouerne Persea,
And made my lordly Loue her worthy King:
Now strengthen him against the Turkish Baiazeth,
And let his foes like flockes of fearefull Roes,
Pursude by hunters, flie his angry lookes,
That I may see him issue Conquerour.
Zab. Now Mahomet solicite God himselfe,
And make him rain downe murthering shot from heauen
To dash the Scythians braines, and strike them dead,
That dare to menage armes with him,
That offered iewels to thy sacred shrine,
When first he warde against the Christians
To the battell againe.
Zen. By this the Turks lie welt'ring in their blood
And Tamburlaine is Lord of Affrica: (sound,
Zab. Thou art deceiu'd, I heard the Trumpets
As when my Emperour ouerthrew the Greeks:
And led them captiue into Affrica.
Straight will I vie thee as thy pride deserues:
Prepare thy selfe to liue and die my slaue.
Zen. If Mahomet should come from heauen & sweare,
My royal Lord is slaine or conquered,

Yet

Yet should he not perswade me otherwise,
But that he liues and will be Conquerour.
Baiazeth flies, and he pursues him.
The battell short, and they enter,
Baiazeth is ouercome.
Tam. How king of Babylon, who is Conqueror?
Bai. Thou by the fortune of this damned foile.
Tam. Where are your stout contributorie kings?

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane.

Tech. We haue their crownes, their bodies strowe the
Tam. Each man a crowne? why kingly fought ye all
Deliuer them into my treasurie.
Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord,
His royall Crowne againe, so highly won:
Tam. Nay take the Turkish Crowne from him,
And crowne me Emperour of Affrica.
Zab. No Tamburlaine, though now thou gat the best
Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Affrica.
Ther. Giue her the crowne Techelles you were best.
He takes it from her, and giues it Zenocrate.
Zab. Iniurious villaines, theeues, runnagates,
How dare you thus abuse my Maiestie?
Ther. Here Madam, you are Empresse, she is none.
Tam. Not now Theridamas, her time is past:
The pillers that haue bolstered her with those reuolts,
Are fallne in clusters at my conquering feet.
Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed:
Tam. Not at the worlds for I ransome Baiazeth.
Bai. Ah faire Zabina, we haue lost the field,
And neuer had the Turkish Emperour
So great a foile by any forraine foe.
Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with ioy their superstitious bells:
And making bonfires for my ouerthrow.

But

But ere I die those foule Idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones,
For though the glorie of this day be lost,
Affrike and Greece haue garrisons enough
To make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.
Tam. Those walled garrisons will I subdue,
And write my selfe great Lord of Affrica:
So from the East vnto the furthest West,
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arme.
The Galles and those pilling Braggandines,
That yeerely saile to the Venetian goufe,
And houer in the straights for Christians wracke,
Shall lie at anchor in the Isle Asant
Vntill the Persian Fleet and men of warre,
Sailing along the Orientall sea,
Haue fetcht about the Indian continent:
Euen from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence vnto the straights of Iubalter:
Where they shall meete, and ioine their force in one,
Keeping in awe the Bay of Portingale.
And all the Ocean by the Straights mouth,
And by this meanes I'll driue the Turke at last.
Bai. Yet set a ransome on me Tamburlaine.
Tam. What, thinkst thou Tamburlaine esteems thy gold?
Ile make the kings of India ere I die,
Offer their mines (to sue for peace) to me,
And bring for treasure to appease my wrath:
Come bind them both and one lead in the Turke,
The Turkesse let my Loues maid lead away.
They bind them.
Villaines, dare you touch my sacred armes?
O Mahomet, O sleepie Mahomet.
Zab. O cursed Mahomet that makest vs thus
The slaues to Scythians rude and barbarous.
Tam. Come bring them in, and for this happy conquest
Triumph, and solemnize a martiall feast.

Exeunt.

Exeunt. Finis Actvs tertii.

Actvs. IIII. Scæna. I.

Souldan of Egipe with three or four Lords, Capolin.

Soul. Awake ye men of Memphis, heare the clange
Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Basilisks.
That roaring, shake Damascus turrets downe.
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
The Souldans daughter for his Concubine,
And with a troupe of theeues and vagabondes.
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace:
While you faint-hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowrie bankes of Nile,
As Crocodiles that vnaffrighted rest,
While thundering Cannons rattle on their skins.

Mess. Nay mightie Souldan this your greatnes sits
The frowning lookes of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terrour and imperious eies,
Commands the hearts of his affectaters,
It might amate your royall maiestie.

Soul. Villain I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine
As monstrous as Gorgon, prince of hell,
The Souldan would not start a foot from him.
But speake what power hath he?

Mess. Mightie Lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Vpon their prancing Steedes disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground.
Fiue hundred thousand footmen threatning shot,
Shaking their swordes, their speares and yron bils,
Enuironing their Standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thornie wood,
Their warlike Engins and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.

Soul. Nay could their numbers countervaile the stars
Or drilling drops of April showers,

Or withered leaues that Autume shaketh down,
Yet would the Soyldane by his conquering power:
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man shal liue to rue their fal.
Cap. So might your highnesse, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royall hoste,
But Tamburlaine, by expedition
Aduantage takes of your vnreadinesse.
Soul. Let him take al th'aduantages he can,
Were al the world conspired to fight for him,
Nay, were he Deuil, as he is no man,
Yet in reuenge of faire Zenocrate,
Whome he detayneth in despight of vs,
This arme should send him downe to Herebus,
To shroud his shame in darknesse of the night.
Mess. Pleaseth your mightinesse to vnderstand,
His resolution far exceedeth all:
The first day when he pitcheth downe his tents,
White is their hew, and on his siluer crest
A snowy Feather spangled white he beares,
To signifie the mildnesse of his mind,
That satiate with spoyle refuseth blood:
But when Aurora mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture,
Then must his kindled wrath be quencht with blood.
Not sparing any that can manage armes:
But if these threates moue not submission,
Blacke are his colours, blacke Pauilion,
His speare, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And Ietty Feathers menace death and hell,
Without respect of sex, degree or age,
Hee raceth all his foes with fire and sword.
Soul. Merciless Scythian, pitiest ignorant
Of lawfull armes, or martiall discipline:
Pillage and murder are his vsuall trades.
The slaue vsurps the glorious name of war.

See

Hee Capolin the faire Arabian King,
That hath beene diſapointed by this ſlaue:
Of my faire daughter, and his princely Loue:
May haue freſh warning to go wage with vs,
And be reuengd for her diſpardgement.

ACTVS. IIII. SCÆNA. II.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Vſumcaſane, Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moores drawing Baiazeth in his cage, and his wife following him.

Tamb. BRing out my footſtoole.

They take him out of the cage.

Bai. Ye holy Priests of heauenly Mahomet,
That ſacrificing fire and cut your fleſh,
Staining his Altars with your purple blood:
Make heauen to frowne and euery fixed ſtarre
To ſucke vp poiſon from the Monthly Ferus,
And poure in ſtyes gloomie Cynthias throne.

Tam. Thou threatſt in vaine, God ſits not heauen to heare,
Enchac'd with thouſands euer burning lamps,
Will ſooner burne the glorious frame of heauen,
Then ſhoure his ſauing mercie on thee or me.
But villaine, thou that wiſhſt this to me,
Fall proſtrate on the lowly diſdainful earth,
And be the footſtoole of great Tamburlain,
That I may ſtride vnto my royall throne.

Bai. Firſt ſhall thou ſtep on my head is with thy ſword,
And fatte ſlice my fowle to death and hell,
Before I yeild to ſuch a ſeruitie.

Tam. Baſe villaine vaſſall, ſlaue to Tamburlaine:
Vnworthy to tread the ſacred ſtreets,
That beares the honour of my royall weight.
Stoop villaine, ſtoop, ſtoop for ſo he bids,
That may commaund thee peecemeale to be torne,
Or ſcattered like the lofty Cedar trees,

Strooke

Stroake with the voice of thundring Iupiter.
Bai. Then as I looke vpon the damned Feends,
Feends looke on me, and thou dread God of hell,
With Eban Scepter strike this hatefull earth,
And make it swallow both of vs at once.
He gets vp vpon him to his chaire.
Tam. Now cleare the triple region of the aire,
And let the maiestie of heauen behold
Their Scourge and terrour friends of Emperours,
Smile Starres that raign'd at my natiuitie:
And dim the brightnesse of their neighbour Lamps,
Disdaine to borrow light of Cynthia,
For I the chiefest Lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with milde aspect,
But fixed now in the Meridian line,
Will send bp fire to your turning Spheares,
And cause the Sun to borrow light of you.
My sword strooke fire from his coat of steele,
Euen in Bythinia, when I tooke this Turke;
As when a fiery exhalation
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud,
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin cracke,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth.
But ere I march to wealthy Persea,
Or leaue Damascus and the Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymenes braue-aduentrous sonne,
That almost burnt the spheare of heauen.
So shall our swords, our lances and our shot,
Fill all the aire with fiery meteors.
Then when the Sky shall wax as red as blood,
It shalbe said, I made it red my selfe,
To make me thinke of nought but blood and war.
Zab. Vnworthy King, that by thy cruelties,
Vnlawfully vsurpest the Persean seat:
Dar'st thou that neuer saw an Emperour,
Before thou met my husband in the field,

Being thy Captive, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly bodie in a cage,
That roofes of gold and sun-bright Palaces,
Should haue prepar'd to entertaine his grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of Affrica haue kist.
Tech. You must pardon some torment worse, my Lord
To make these captiues rein their lauish tongues.
Tam. Zenocrate, looke better to your slaue:
Zen. She is my handmaides slaue, and she shall looke
That these abuses flow not in her tongue:
Chide her Anippe.
Anip. Let these be warnings for you then my slaue,
How you abuse the person of the king:
Or els I sweare to haue you whipt stark nak'd.
Bai. Great Tamburlaine great in my ouerthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the backe of Baiazeth,
That should be horsed on foure mighty kings.
Tam. Thy names and tytles, and thy dignities
Are fled from Baiazeth, and remaine with me,
That will maintaine it against a world of kings.
Put him in againe.
Bai. Is this a place for mighty Baiazeth?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus.
Tam. There whiles he liues, shal Baiazeth be kept;
And where I goe be thus in triumph drawen:
And thou his wife shal feed him with the scraps
My seruitures shall bring thee from my bord.
For he that gives him other food than this:
Shal sit by him and starue to death himselfe,
This is my minde, and I will haue it so.
Not all the kings and Emperours of the earth:
If they would lay their crownes before my feet,
Shal ransome him or take him from his cage.
The ages that shal talke of Tamburlaine,

Euen

Euen from this day to Plutoes wondrous yeare,
Shal talke how I haue handled Bazazeth.
These Mores that drew him from Bythinia,
To faire Damascus, where we now remaine,
Shal lead him with vs whereseere we goe.
Techelles, and my louing followers,
Now may we see Damascus lofty towers,
Like to the shadowes of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grac'd the Memphian fields:
The golden stature of their feathered bird
That spreads her wings vpon the citty walls,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot.
The towne-men maske in silkes and cloath of gold,
And euery house is as a treasurie:
The men, the treasure, and the towne is ours.
Then Perit tents of white now pitch'd before the gates
And gentle flags of amity displaid,
I doubt not but the Gouernour will yeild,
Offering Damascus to your Maiestie.
Tam. So shall he haue his life and all the rest.
But if he stay vntill the bloody flag
Be once aduanc'd on my vermilion Tent,
He dies, and those that kept vs out so long.
And when they see me march in black aray,
With mournful streamers hanging downe their heads
Were in that city all the world contain'd.
Not one should scape, but perish by our swords.
Zen. Yet would you haue some pitty for my sake,
Because it is my countries and my Fathers.
Tam. Not for the world Zenocrate, if I haue sworn
Come bring in the Turke. Exeunt.

Actvs. IIII. Scæna. III.

Souldane, Arabia, Capoline, with steaming collors and Souldiers.

Souldan. METhinkes we match as Meliager did,
Environed with braue Argolian knights:
To chace the sauage Caledonian Boare,
Or Cephalus with lustie Theban youths,
Against the Wolfe that angrie Themis sent,
To waste and spoyle the Phrygian fields.
A monster of fiue hundred thousand heades,
Compact of Rapine, Pyracie, and Spoile.
The scourge of men, the hate and scourge of God,
Raues in Egypta, and annoyeth vs.
My Lord it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A sturdy fellon of base-bred theeues:
By murder raysed to the Persian crowne,
That dare controll vs in our territories.
To tame the pride of this proud sumptuous beast,
Ioyne you the Arabians with the Souldans power:
Let vs vnite our royall bands in one,
And hasten to remoue Damascus siege,
It is a blemish to the Maiestie
And high estate of mightie Emperours,
That such a base vsurping vagabonde
Should braue a King, or weare a princely crowne.

Ara. Renowmed Souldane, haue ye lately heard
The ouerthrow of mightie Baiazeth,
About the confines of Bythinia?
The sauerie where with hee persecutes
The noble Turke and his great Emperesse.

Soul. I haue, and sorrow for his bad successe:
But noble Lord of great Arabia,
Be so perswaded, that the Souldan is
No more dismaide with tidings of his fall,
Than in the hauen when the Pilot standes
And viewes a strangers ship rent in the windes,
And shiuered against a craggie rocke,
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,
A sacred vow to heauen and him I make.

Con=

Confirming it with his holy name,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the howre,
wherein he wrought such ignominous wrong,
Unto the hallowed person of a prince,
Or kept the kayre Zenocrate so long,
As concubine, I feare to feed his lust.
Ara. Let griefe and furie hasten on revenge,
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feele
Such plagues as heaven and we can power on him.
I long to breake my speare upon his crest,
And prove the weight of his victorious arme:
For fame I feare hath beene too prodigall:
In sounding through the world his partiall prayse.
Soul. Capolin, hast thou surveyd our powers?
Cap. Great Emperours of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hostes united is,
A hundred and fiftie thousand horse,
Two hundred thousand foote, braue men at armes,
Outragious and full of hardinesse:
As frolike as the hunters in the chace:
Of sauage beastes amid the desart woods.
Arab. My mind presageth fortunate successe,
And Tamburlaine my spirite doth foresee
The bitter ruine of thy men and thee. Omnes.
Soul. Then reare your standards, let your sounding
Direct our souldiers to Damascus walles,
Now Tamburlaine the mightie Souldane comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian King,
To dim thy baseneſſe and obscuritie,
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoyle,
To race and scatter thy inglorious crue,
Of Scithians and slauish Persians. Exeunt

ACTVS. IIII. SCENA. V.

The Banquet & to incommeth Tam. al in scarlet, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, the Turke with others.

Tamb.

NOw hang our bloody colours by Damascus,
Reflexing hewes of blood vpon their heads.
While they walke quiuering on their citie walles.
Halfe dead for feare before they feele my wrath:
Then let vs freely banquet and carouse
Full bowles of wine vnto the God of war,
That meanes to fil your helmets full of Gold:
And make Damascus spoiles as rich to you,
As was to Iason Colchos golden fleece.
And now Bassoe, hath thou any stomache?

Bai. Ay, such a stomache (cruel Tamburlaine) as I could wil gladly feed vpon thy blood-raw heart.

Tam. Nay, thats a part to easier to come by, pluck out that,
And feast thine eyes and thy faire Loue: well Zenocrate,
Techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.

Bai. Fall too, and neuer may your meat digest,
Ye furies that frequent the Stygian poole,
Diue to the bottome of Auernus poole,
And in your hands bring hellish poison vp,
And squease it in the cups of Tamburlain,
Or fatal sisters sweare to cut your strings,
And leaue your bellonts in this Tyrants bils.

Zab. And may the banquet proue as ominous,
As Progne to th'adulterous Thracian king,
That fed vpon the substance of his child.

Zen. My Lord, how can you suffer these outrageous
By these slaues of yours?

Tam. To let them see (deuine Zenocrate)
I glorie in the curses of my foes,
Hauing the power from the Emperiall heauen,
To turne them all vpon their proper heads.

Tech. I pray you giue them leaue Madam, this

speech

speech is a goodly refreshing for them.

Ther. But if his highnesse would let them be fed, it would do them more good.

Tam. Sirra, why fat you not too, are you so daintily brought vp, you cannot eat your own flesh?

Bas. Fiue legions of deuils shal teare thee in peeces.

Vsum. Villain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest.

Tam. O let him alone: here, eat it, take it from my sword's point, or Ile thrust it to thy heart.

He takes it and stamps vpon it.

Ther. He stamps it vnder his feet my Lord.

Tam. Take it vp Villain, and eat it, or I will make thee slice the blubbers of thy arses into carbonadoes, and eat them.

Vsum. Nay, t'were better he kild his wife, & then he shal be sure not to be starv'd, & he be prouided for a monethes victuall before hand.

Tam. Here is my dagger, dispatch her while she is fat, for if she liue but a while longer, she will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then shee will not be worth the eating.

Ther. Dost thou thinke that Mahomet will suffer this?

Tech. Tis like he will, when he cannot let it.

Tam. Go to, fal to your meat: what not a bit: belike he hath not bene watered to day, giue him some drinke. They giue him water to drink, & he flings it on the ground. Fast and welcome sir, while hunger make you eat. How now Zenocrate, doth not the Moore and his wife make a goodly show at a banquet?

Zen. Yes, my Lord.

Ther. Me thinks, tis a great deale better than a consort of musick.

Tam. Yet musicke would doe well to cheere vp Zenocrate: pray thee tell, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt haue a song, the turke shal straine his voice: but why is it?

Zen. My Lord, to see my fathers townes besieg'd,

The country wasted where my selfe was borne,
How can it but afflict my very soule?
If any loue remaine in you my Lord,
Or any loue vnto your maiesty
Pay merit fauor at your highnesse hands,
Then raise your siege from faire Damascus walles,
And with my father take a friendly truce.

Tam. Zenocrate, were Egypt Ioues owne land,
Yet would I with my sword make loue to stoope,
I will confute those blind Geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding Regions which I meane to trace,
And with this pen reduce them to a Map,
Calling the prouinces, Cities and townes
After my name and thine Zenocrate:
Here at Damascus will I make the maine
That shall begin the Perpendicular,
And proue how I doe loue thee and thy father:
By now betake thee to thy naturall rest,
For loue of thee sweet Zenocrate,
Yet giue me leaue to plead for him my Lord.

Tam. Content thy selfe, his person shalbe safe,
And all the friends of faire Zenocrate,
If with their liues they will be pleased to yeeld,
Or any hope to make vs Emperour.
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.
Feed you alone, you must think your selfe happy to be
fed from my trencher.

Bai. My empty stomacke full of idle heat,
Drawes blood the humours from my feeble parts,
Preserning life by hasting cruell death:
My vaines are pale, my sinewes hard and drie,
My ioints benumbd, vnlesse I eat, I die.

Zab. Eat Baiazeth, Let vs liue in spight of them,
Looking some happie power will pittie and inlarge vs.

Tam. How turke, wilt thou haue a cleane trencher?

Bai.

Bai. I Tyrant and moze meat.

Tam. Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating will make you surfeit.

Ther. So it would my Lord, specially having so small a walke and so little exercise.

Enter a second course of Crownes.

Tam. Theridamas, Techelles and Casane, here are the cates you must feede to finger, are they not?

Ther. [illegible]de) but none saue kings must feede with the[illegible]

Tech. [illegible]gh for vs to see them, and for Tamburlaine [illegible]ioy them.

Tam. [illegible] is now to the Souldan of Egypt the King of [illegible] the Gouernour of Damascus, [illegible] crownes, and pledge me, my contributors [illegible]

I cro[illegible]ere (Theridamas) King of Argier: Techelle[illegible]fesse, and Vlumcasane King of Morocus. [illegible]you to this (Turbe) these are not your contribu[illegible]ngs.

Bai. [illegible]hey long be thine, I warrant them.

Tam. [illegible] of Argier, Morocus, and of Fesse, You that [illegible]mar the swift happie Tamburlain, As far [illegible] the frozen plaine of heauen, Vnto the [illegible]rie mornings ruddy bower. And then [illegible] land vnto the Torrid Zone, Deserue [illegible]tles I endow you with, By valure and by magnanimity. Your byrthes shall be no blemish to your fame; The vertue is the fount whence honor springs, And they are worthy she inuesteth kings.

Ther. And since your highnesse hath so wel vouchsaft, If we deserue them not with higher meeds Then erst our states and actions haue retain'd, Take them away againe and make vs slaues.

Tam. Wel said Theridamas, when holy Fates

Shall

Shal stablish me in strong Egiptus.
We meane to trauell to th' Antartique Pole,
Conquering the people vnderneath our feet.
And be renowmed as neuer Emperours were.
Zenocrate, I will not crowne thee yet,
Vntil with greater honors I be grac'd.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus V. Scæna

The Gouernor of Damasco, with three or four Citizens, and foure Virgins with branches of Laurell in their handes,

Go. Th[illegible] booth this man or rath[illegible] wast,
[illegible] Barres our walles, & beat o[illegible] bound,
And to resist with longer stubborne[illegible]
Or hope of reskue from the Souldan[illegible]
-nders but to bring our wilful ouerth[illegible]
And make vs desperate of our liues[illegible]
we see his tents haue now bene altered
with terror vnto the last and cruell[illegible]
His cole-blacke colletts euery where a[illegible]
Threaten our city with a generall spoile:
And if we should with common rites of [illegible]
Offer our safeties to his elements,
I feare the custome proper to his sword,
Which he obserues as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrifie the world,
By any innouation or deuise,
Will neuer be dispenced with till our deaths,
Therefore, for these our harmelesse virgins sakes,
With whose liues veile on his
Let vs haue hope that their vnspotted prayers,
Their bloodlesse cheeks and hartie humble mones
Will melt his furie into some remorse:
And vse vs like a louing Conqueror.

Virg.

Virg. If humble suites or imprecations,
Vttered with teares of wretchednesse and blood,
Shead from the heads and hearts of all our sex,
Some made your wiues, some your children,
Might haue intreated your obdurate breasts.)
To entertaine some care of our securities,
Whiles only danger beat vpon our walles,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death,
Had neuer bene erected as they bee,
Nor you depend on such weake helps as we.
Go. Well, louely Nymphs, think our countries care,
Our loue of honor loth to be inthral'd
To forraine powers, and rough imperious yokes:
Would not with so much cowardize or feare,
Before all hope of refuse were denied,
Submit your selues and vs to seruitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our owne
Your honors, liberties and liues were weigh'
In equal care and ballance with our owne,
Endure as we the malice of our starres,
The wrath of Tamburlaine, and power of warres,
Or be the meanes the ouerweighing heauens
Haue kept to qualifie these hot extreames,
And bring vs pardon in your cheerefull looks.
2. Virg. Then here before the maiestie of heauen,
And holy Patrones of Egypta,
With knees and hearts submisse we intreat
Grace to our words and pitie to our lookes,
That this deuise may prooue propitious,
And through the eies and eares of Tamburlaine,
Conuey events of mercy to his heart:
Graunt that these signes of victorie we yeeld
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrowes of his browes,
And shadow his displeased countenance,
With happy lookes of ruth and lenitie.

Leaue

Leaue vs my Lord and louing countrimen,
What simple Virgins may perswade, we will.
Go. Farewel (sweet Virgins) on whose safe return
Depends our citie, liberties and liues. Exeunt.

Actvs. V. Scæna. II.

Tamburlain, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, with others: Tamburlaine all in blacke, and very melancholy.

Tam.

WHat, are the turtles fraid out of their neasts?
Alas poore soules, must you be first that feel
The sworne destruction of Damascus?
They mercy my contone, could they not as well
Haue sent ye out, when first my milke-white flags,
Through which sweet mercie threw her gentle beames
Reflexing them on your disconsolate eies:
As now when furie and incensed hate
Flings slaughtering terrour from my coale-black tents,
And tels for truth submissions come too late?

1. Virgin. Most sacred king and Emperor of the earth,
Image of honor and Nobilitie,
For whom the powers diuine haue made this world,
And on whose throne the holy Graces sit,
In whose sweet person is contained the sum
Of natures skill and heauenly maiestie:
Pittie our plightes, O pittie poore Damascus:
Pitie old age within whose siluer haires
Honor and reuerence euermore haue raigned,
Pitie the martage bed where euery night
A lord in prime and glorie of his loving ioy:
Embraceth now with teares of ruth & blood,
The iealous body of his fearefull wife,
Whose cheekes and hearts so punisht with conceit,
To thinke thy puissant never staied arme
Will part their bodies, and prevent their soules
From heauens of comfort, yet their age might beare,

How

Now wax al pale and withered to the death,
As wel for greefe our ruthlesse Gouernour
Haue thus refusde the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose scepter Angels kisse, and Furies dread)
As for their liberties, their loues or liues,
O then for these and such as we our seiues,
For vs, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That neuer nourisht thought against thy rule,
Pitie, O pitie, (sacred Emperour)
The prostrate seruice of this wretched towne,
And take in signe thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereto each man of rule hath giuen his hand,
And wisht as worthy subiects happy meanes,
To be inuesters of thy royall browes,
Euen with the true Egyptian Diadem.

Tam. Virgins in vaine you labour to preuent
That which mine honor sweares shalbe performd:
Behold my sword, what see you at the point?

Virg. Nothing but feare and fatall steele my Lord.

Tam. Your fearefull minds are thicke and milky then
For there sits death, there sits imperious death,
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I am pleasde you shall not see him there,
He now is seated on my horsmens speares:
And on their points his fleshlesse bodie feeds.
Techelles, straight goe charge a few of them
To charge these Dames, and shew my seruant death,
Sitting in scarlet on their armed speares.

Omnes. O pity vs.

Tam. Away with them I say and shew them death,

They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my Martiall obseruations,
For al the wealth of Ochons golden waues,
Or for the loue of Venus, would shee leaue
The angry God of Armes, and lie with me,

They

They haue refuſde the offer of their liues,
And know my cuſtomes are as peremptorie
As wrathful Planets, death, or deſtinie.

Enter Techelles.

What haue your horſmen theuen the Virgins death?

Tech. They haue my lord, and on Damaſcus walls
Haue hoiſted vp their ſlaughtered carkaſes.

Tam. A ſight as baneful to their ſoules I think,
As are Theſſalian drugs or Mithridate.
But goe my Lords, put the reſt to the ſword. Exeunt.
Ah faire Zenocrate, diuine Zenocrate,
Faire is too foule an Epithite for thee,
That in thy paſſion for thy countries loue,
And feare to ſee thy kingly Fathers harme,
With haire diſheueld wipſt thy watery cheeks:
And like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her ſiluer treſſes in the aire,
Rain'ſt on the earth reſolued pearle in ſhowres,
And ſprinkleſt Anaphyis on thy ſhining face,
Where beauty mother to the Muſes ſits,
And comments volumes with her Ivory pen:
Taking inſtructions from thy flowing eies,
Eies when that Ebena ſteps to heauen:
In ſilence of thy ſolemne midnings walke,
Making the mantle of the richeſt night.
The Moone, the Planets, and the Meteors light,
There Angels in their chriſtal armours fight
A doubtfull battel with my tempted thoughts,
For Egypts freedom and the Soudans life:
His life that ſo conſumes Zenocrate,
Whoſe ſorrowes lay more ſiege vnto my ſoule,
Than all my army to Damaſcus walles.
And neither Perſeans Soueraign, nor the Turk
Troubled my ſences with conceit of foile,
So much by much, as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, ſaith my ſufferings then?

All the pens that euer poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their maisters thoughts,
And euery sweetnes that inspir'd their hearts,
Their mindes, and muses on admyred theames:
All the heauenly Quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of Poesy.
Wherein as in a myrrour we perceiue
The highest reaches of a humaine wit.
If these had made one Poems period
And all combind in beauties worthynesse,
Yet shoulde there houer in their restlesse heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no vertue can digest:
But how vnseemely is it for my sort,
My discipline of armes and Chyualrie,
My nature and the terrour of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint?
Saue onely that immortall Beauties iust applause,
With whose resistlesse eyes the soule of man is toucht:
And euery warrior that is wrapt with loue,
Of fame, of valour, and of victorie
Must needs haue beauty beat on his conceites,
I thus conceiuing and subduing both:
That which hath stopt the tempest of the Gods,
Euen from the fiery spangled vaile of heauen,
To feele the louely warmth of shepheards flames.
And march in cottages of strowed weeds,
Shall giue the world to note for all my byrth,
That Vertue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobilitie.
What's within there?

Enter two or three.

Hath Baiazeth bene fed to day?

An. I, my Lord.

Tamb. Bring him forth, & let vs know if the towne be ransackt.

Enter

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, and others.

Tech. The town is ours my Lord, and freely supply
Of conquest, and of spoile is offered vs.

Tam. Thats well Techelles, what's the newes?

Tech. The Souldan and the Arabian king together
Marcht on with vs with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with vs.

Tam. No more there is not I warrant thee Techelles.
They bring in the Turke.

Ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs saue the reuerend Souldans life,
For faire Zenocrate, that so laments his state.

Tam. That will we chiefly see vnto, Theridamas,
For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthinesse
Deserues a conquest ouer euery heart:
And now my footstoole, if I loose the field,
You hope of libertie and restauration:
Here let him stay my souldiers from their preys,
Till we haue made vs readie for the field.
Pray for vs Bajazeth, we are going. Exeunt.

Bai. Go neuer to returne with victorie:
Millions of men encompasse thee about,
And gore thy bodie with as many wounds,
Sharpe forhed arrowes light vpon thy horse:
Furies from the blacke Cocytus lake,
Breake vp the earth, and with their firebrands
Enforce thee run vpon the banefull pikes,
Volleyes of shot pierce through thy charmed skin,
And euery bullet dipt in poisoned drugs,
Or roaring Cannons rend and teare thy throte,
Making thee mount as high as Eagles soare.

Zab. Let all the sworde and lances in the field,
Sticke in his breast, as in their proper roomes,
At euery pore let blood come dropping forth,
That lingring paines may martyre his heart:
And madnesse send his damned soule to hell.

Bai.

Bai. Ah faire Zabina we may curse his power,
The heauens may frowne, the earth for anger quake,
But such a Starre hath influence in his worth,
As rules the Skies, and countermaunds the Gods,
More than Cymerian Sexe or Destinie:
And then shal we in this detested gayle,
With shame, with hunger, and with hot more rate
Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughtes,
And haue no hope to end our extasies.
Zab. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No Feend, no Fortune, nor no hope of end?
To our infamous monstrous slauerie:
Gape earth, and let the Feends infernall view,
As hell, as hopelesse and as full of feare
As are the blacke vast bankes of Erebus:
Where shaking ghosts with euer howling groanes,
Houer about the vgly Ferriman, to get a passage to Eli-
Why should we liue, O wretches, beggars, slaues, sia
Why liue we Baiazeth, and build vp neasts,
So high within the region of the aire,
By liuing long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorne,
The former triumphs of our mightinesse,
In this obscure infernall seruitude?
Bai. O life more loathsome to my vexed thoughts,
Than noisome paludes of the Stygian Snakes,
Which fils them vales of hel with standing aire,
Infecting all the Ghosts with curelesse griefes:
O dreary engins of my loathed sight,
That sees my crowne, my honor, and my name,
Thrust vnder foote and ryzaldome of a theefe.
Why feed ye still on vnes accursed beames,
And striue not quite into my tortur'd soule.
You see my wife, my Queene & Empresse,
Brought vp, & propped by the hand of fame,
Queene of fiue fortunate conterminat Queenes,

Now thrown to roomes of blacke obiection,
Smear'd with blots of basest drudgery:
And villanesse to shame, disdaine, and misery:
Accurst Baiazeth, whose wordes of ruth,
That would with pity cheare Zabinas heart:
And make our soules relolce in ceasles teares,
Sharpe hunger bites upon, and gripes the rut:
From whence the issues of my thoughts do breake,
O poore Zabina, O my Queene, my Queen,
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To cole and comfort me: with longer date,
That in the shortned sequel of my life,
I may powre forth my soule into thine armes,
With wordes of love: whose moaning entercourse
Hath hitherto bin staid, with wrath and hate
Of our ennemies hand inflictions.

Zab. Sweet Baiazeth, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or sparke of breath
Can quench or cole the torments of my griefe.

She goes out.

Bai. Now Baiazeth, abridge thy banefull daies,
And beat thy braines out of thy conquer'd head:
Since other meanes are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest Lampe of everliuing loue,
Accursed day infected with my griefes,
Hide now thy stained face in endles night,
And shut the windowes of the lightsome heauens,
Let vgly darkenesse with her rusty coach,
Engyrt with tempests wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with neuer fading mistes:
And let her horses from their nostrels breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadfull thunderclaps:
That in this terrour Tamburlaine may liue,
And my pin'd soule resolu'd in liquid aire,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts.

Then

Then let the stony dart of senceless colde,
Pierce through the center of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life.
He brayes himselfe against the cage.
Enter Zabina.

Zab. What do mine eies behold, my husband dead?
His scul all rivin in twaine, his brains dasht out?
The braines of Baiazeth, my Lord and soueraigne?
O Baiazeth, my husband and my Lord,
O Baiazeth, O Turke, O Emperor, giue him his liquor
Not I, bring milke and fire, and my blood I bring him
againe, teare me in peeces, & giue me the sword with a
ball of wildefire vpon it. Downe with him, down with
him. Goe to my child, away, away, away, Ah, saue that
Infant, saue him, saue him. I, euen I speake to her, the
Sun was downe. Streamers white. Red, Black, here
here, here. Fling the meat in his face. Tamburlaine,
Tamburlaine. Let the Souldiers be buried. Hel, Death,
Tamburlain, Hell, make ready my Coach, my chaire, my
iewels, I come, I come, I come.
She runs against the cage and brains her selfe.
Zenocrate, with Anippe,

O Wretched Zenocrate, that liuest to see,
Damascus walles drie with Egyptian blood.
Thy Fathers souldiers and thy country men:
Thy streetes strowed with dissevered ioints of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life.
But most accurst, to see the Sun-bright troope
Of heauenly virgins and vnspotted maides,
Whose looks might make the angry God of armes,
To breake his sword, and mildly treat of loue,
On horsmens lances to be hoisted vp,
And guiltlesly endure a cruel death.
For euery fell and stout Tartarian Steed,
That stampt on others with their thundering hoofes,
When all their riders charg'd their quiuering speares

Began to checke the ground, and rate themselues
Gazing vpon the beautie of their lookes:
Ah Tamburlaine, wert thou the cause of this
That tearmest Zenocrate thy dearest loue
Whose lines were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her owne life, ought saue thine owne loue
But see another bloody spectacle.
Ah wretched eies, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with these grieuous obiects,
And tel my soule more tales of bleeding ruth?
See, see Anippe if they breathe or no.

Anippe. No breath nor sence, nor motion in them both
Ah madam, this their slauery hath enforc'd,
And ruthlesse cruelty of Tamburlaine.

Zen. Earth cast vp fountaines from thy entralles,
And wet thy cheeks for their vntimely deathes:
Shake with their weight in signe of feare and griefe,
Blush heauen, that gaue them honor at their birth,
And let them die a death so barbarous.
Those that are proud of fickle Empery,
And place their chiefest god in earthly pompe:
Behold the Turke and his great Empresse.
Ah Tamburlaine, my loue, sweet Tamburlaine,
That fights for Scepters and for slippery crowns,
Behold the Turke and his great Empresse.
Thou that in conduct of thy happy lookes,
Sleep'st euery night with conquest on thy browes,
And yet would'st shun the wauering turnes of war.
In feare and feeling of the like distresse,
Behold the Turke and his great Empresse.
Ah mightie loue and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my loue, oh pardon his contempt,
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pitie,
And let not conquest ruthlesse pursiuode
Me equally against his life incenst;
In this great Turke and hapless Empresse.

And pardon me that was not mou'd with ruth,
To see them line so long in misery:
Ah what may chance to thee Zenocrate?
Anip. Madam content your selfe and be resolu'd,
Your loue hath fortune so at his commaund,
That she shal stay and turne her wheele no more,
As long as life maintaines his mighty arme,
That fights for honor to adorne your head.
Enter a Messenger.
Zen. What other heauie newes now brings Philemus?
Phi. Madam your father and the Arabian king,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as Turnus gainst Eneas did:
Armed with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battell gainst my Lord the king.
Zen. Now shame and duty, loue and feare preuents
A thousand sorrowes to my martyred soule:
Ah whome should I with the fatall victory,
When my poore pleasures are denided thus,
And rackt by dutie from my cursed heart:
My father and my first betrothed loue,
Must fight against my life and present loue:
Wherein the change I vse condemnes my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the world.
But ay the Gods to end the Troyans toile,
Preuented Turnus of Lauinia,
And fatally enricht Eneas loue:
So for a small issue to my griefes,
To pacifie my country and my loue,
Must Tamburlaine by their resistlesse powers,
With vertue of a gentle victorie,
Conclude a league of honor to my hope,
Then as the powers deuine haue prordainde,
With happy safty of my fathers life,
Send like defence of faire Arabia.
They sound to the battell.

And Tamburlaine enioyes the victorie, after Arabia Enters wounded.

Ar. What curſed power guides the murthering hands
Of this infamous Tyrants ſouldiers.
That no eſcape may ſaue their enemies:
Nor fortune keepe them ſelues from victory.
Lye downe Arabia wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrates faire eies behold
That as for her thou beardſt theſe wretched armes,
Euen ſo for her thou diedſt in theſe armes:
Leauing my blood for witneſſe of thy loue.

Zen. To deare a witneſſe for ſuch loue my Lord,
Behold Zenocrate, the curſed obiect
Whoſe fortunes neuer maſtered her griefes:
Behold her wounded in conceit for thee,
As much as thy faire body is for me.

Ar. Then ſhall I die with full contented heart,
Hauing beheld deuine Zenocrate,
Whoſe ſight with ioy would take away my life,
As now it bringeth ſweetnes to my wound,
If I had not bene wounded as I am.
Ah that the deadly pangs I ſuffer now,
Would lend an howers licence to my tongue:
To make diſcourſe of ſome ſweet accidents
Haue chanc'd thy merits in this worthles bondage,
And that I might be priuy to the ſtate,
Of thy deſeru'd contentment and thy loue:
But making now a vertue of thy griefe,
To driue all ſorrow from my fainting ſoule:
Since Death denies me further cauſe of ioy.
Depriu'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy deſired hand ſhall cloſe mine eies.

Enter Tamburlain leading the Soulden, Techelles, Theridamas with others.

Tamb. Come happy Father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Soldans name:

Though

Though my right hand haue thus enthralled thee
Thy princely daughter here shal set thee free,
She that hath tainde the fury of my sword.
All which had ere this bin bathde in streames of blood,
As vast & deepe as Euphrates or Nile.
Zen. O sight kinde welcome to my ioyful soule,
To see the king my father illue safe,
From dangerous battel of my conquering Loue.
Soul. Well met my only deare Zenocrate,
Though with the losse of Egypt and my Crown,
Tam. 'Twas I my Lord that got the victorie,
And therefore grieue not at your ouerthrow:
Since I shal render all into your hands,
And adde more strength to your dominions
That euer yet confirmd the Egyptian Crown.
The God of war resignes his roome to me,
Meaning to make me Generall of the world,
Ioue viewing me in armes, looks pale and wan,
Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.
Where ere I come the fatall sisters sweat,
And grisly death by running to and fro
To do their cruell homage to my sword:
And here in Affrick where it seldom raignes,
Since I arriu'd with my triumphant hoste,
Hath swelling cloudes drawen from wide gasping wounds.
Bin oft resolu'd in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at euery drop it drinks:
Millions of soules sit on the bankes of Styx,
Waiting the backe returne of Charons boat,
Hell and Elisian swarme with Ghosts of men,
That I haue sent from sundry foughten fields:
To spread my fame through hell and vp to heauen:
And see my Lord a sight of strange import,
Emperours and kings lie breathlesse at my feet,
The Turk and his great Emperesse as it seems,

Left to themselues while we were at the fight,
Haue desperately dispatcht their Cowish liues:
With them Arabia too hath left his life,
All fights of power to grace my victory:
And such are obiects fit for Tamburlaine,
Wherein as in a mirrour may be seene,
His honor that consists in theeding blood,
When men presume to meet me arme to arme.

Soul. Mighty hath God & Mahomet made thy hand,
Renowned Tamburlaine, to whom all kings
Of force must yeeld their crowns and Emperies,
And I am pleasde with this my cursed hap,
To as beseemes a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honor the Turkish Empresse.

Tam. Her state and person wants no pomp you see,
And for all blot of foule inchastity,
I record heauen, her vertuous selfe is cleere:
Then let me find no further time to grace
Her princely temples with the Persian crowne:
But here these kings that on my fortune waite,
And haue bene crowned for proud foes their scorne,
Euen by this hand that shall establish them,
Shall now, adioining all their hands with mine,
Inuest her here the Queene of Persea.
What saith the noble Souldan and Zenocrate?

Soul. I yeeld with thanks and protestations
Of endlesse honor to thee for her loue.

Tam. Then doubt I not but fayre Zenocrate
Will soone consent to satisfy vs both.

Zen. Then should I much forget my selfe my Lord.

Ther. Then let vs set the Crowne vpon her head,
That long hath longed for so high a seate.

Tech. My hand is ready to performe the deed,
For now her marriage time shall work me rest.

Vsum. And here's the crowne my Lord, help set it.

Tam. Then sit thou downe diuine Zenocrate.

And

And here we crowne thee Queene of Persea,
And al the kingdomes and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdewed:
As Iuno, when the Giants were suppresst,
That darted mountaines at her brother Ioue:
So looks my Loue, shadowing in her browes
Triumphes and Trophees for my victories:
Or as Latonas daughter bent to armes,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind,
To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moores and men of Asia,
From Barbary vnto the westerne Indie,
Shall pay a yearely tribute to thy Syre.
And from the bounds of Affrick to the bankes
Of Ganges, shal his mightie arme extend.
And now my Lords and louing followers,
That purchac'd kingdomes by your martiall deedes,
Cast off your armor, put on scarlet roabes.
Mount vp your royall places of estate,
Enuironed with troopes of noble men,
And there make lawes to rule your prouinces:
Hang vp your weapons on Alcides poste,
For Tamburlain takes truce with al the world.
Thy first betrothed, Loue Arabia,
Shall we with honor (as best beseemes) entombe,
Then with this great Turk and his faire Empresse:
Then after all these solemne Exequies,
We will our celebrated rites of mariage solemnize.

Finis Actvs quinti & vltimi huius
primæ partis.

Tamburlaine, the great.

THE SECOND PART OF

The bloody Conquests of *mightie Tamburlaine.*

With his impassionate fury, for the death of his Ladie and loue, faire Zenocrate: his forme of exhortation and discipline to his three sons, and the maner of his owne death.

The Prologue.

THe generall welcomes Tamburlaine receiu'd,
When he arriued last vpon our stage,
Hath made our Poet pen his second part,
Where death cuts off the progres of his pompe.
And murdrous Fates throwes all his triumphs downe,
But what became of faire Zenocrate,
And with how many cities sacrifice
He celebrated her said funerall,
Himselfe in presence shall vnfold at large.

Actvs. I. Scæna. I.

Orcanes, King of Natolia, Gazellus, vice-roy of Byron, Vrbassa, and their traine, with drums and trumpets.

ORCANES.

EGregious Viceroyes of these Eastern parties,
Plac'd by the hand of great Baiazeth:
And sacred Lord the mightie Calapine:
Who liues in Ægypt, prisoner to that slaue,
Which kept his father in an yron cage:
Now haue we marcht from faire Natolia
Two hundred leagues, on Danubius bankes,
Our warlike hoste in complet armour rest,
Where Sigismond the king of Hungary

Shoulde

Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What? Shall we parle with the Christian?
Or crosse the streame, and meet him in the field.

Byr. King of Natolia, let him treat of peace,
We all are glutted with the Christians blood,
And have a greater foe to fight against,
Proud Tamburlaine, that now in Asia,
Neere Guyron's head doth set his conquering feet,
And meanes to fire Turky as he goes:
Gainst him my Lord you must addresse your power.

Vrbas. Besides, king Sigismond hath brought from Christendome,
More then his campe of stout Hungarians,
Sclauonians, Almans, Rutters, Muskes, and Danes,
That with the Holbard, Lance, and murthering Axe,
Will hazard that we might with surety holde.
Though from the shortest Northren Parallel,
Vast Gruntland compast with the frozen Sea,
Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Gyants as big as hugie Polypheme:
Millions of Souldiers cut the Artick line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these Armes
Our Turkie blades shal glide through all their throates,
And make this champion mead a bloody Fen.
Danubius streame that runs to Trebizon,
Shal cary wrapt within his scarlet waues,
As martial presents to our friends at home,
The slaughtered bodies of these Christians.
The Terrene maine wherein Danubius falls,
Shall by this battell be the bloody sea.
The wandring Sailers of proud Italy,
Shall meet those Christians fleeting with the tyde,
Beating in heaps against their Argosies.
And make faire Europe Mounted on her bull,
Trapt with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight and weare sad woefull mourning weed.

Byr.

Byr. Yet stout Orcanes, Prince of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath mustred all his men,
Marching from Cairon northward with his camp,
To Alexandria, and the frontier townes,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land:
'Tis requisite to parle for a peace
With Sigismond the king of Hungary:
And save our forces for the hot assaults
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

Orc. Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said:
My realme, the center of our Empery
Once lost all Turkie would be overthrowne:
And for that cause the Christians shall have peace.
Slavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muscles, and Danes,
Feare not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine.
Nor he but Fortune that hath made him great,
We have revolted Grecians, Albanens,
Ciclians, Jewes, Arabians, Turks, and Moores,
Natolians, Syrians, black Egyptians,
Illicians Thracians, and Bythinians,
Enough to swallow forceless Sigismond,
Yet scarce enough to incounter Tamburlaine,
He brings a world of people to the field,
From Scythia to the Oriental Plage
Of India, where raging Lantchidol
Beates on the regions with his boysterous blowes,
That never sea man yet discovered:
All Asia is in armes with Tamburlaine,
Even from the midst of fiery Cancers Tropick,
To Amazonia under Capricorne.
And thence as far as Archipellago:
All Affrike is in Armes with Tamburlaine,
Therefore Viceroie the Christians must have peace.

ACTVS I. SCENA II.

Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwine, and their traine with Drums

drums and trumpets.

Sigis.

ORcanes (as our Legates promist thee)
We with our Peeres haue crost Danubius stream
To treate of friendly peace or deadly warre:
Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans vse
I here present thee with a naked sworde,
Wilt thou haue warre, then shake this blade at me,
If peace, restore it to my handes againe:
And I will sheath it to confirme the same.

Orc. Stay Sigismond, forgetst thou I am he,
That with the Cannon shook Vienna walles,
And made it dance vpon the continent,
As when the massie substance of the earth,
Quiuer about the Axeltree of heauen.
Forgetst thou that I sent a shower of darts
Mingled with powdred shot & fethered steele
So thicke vpon the blink-eid Burghers heades,
That thou thy selfe, then County-Palatine,
The king of Boheme, and the Austrich Duke,
Sent Herralds out, which basely on their knees,
In all your names desirde a truce of me?
Forgetst thou, that to haue me raise my siege,
Wagons of gold were set before my tent:
Stampt with the princely Foule that in her winges
Caries the fearefull thunderbolts of Ioue,
How canst thou thinke of this, and other war?

Sig. Vienna was besieg'd, and I was there
Then County-Palatine, but now a king:
And what we did, was in extremity:
But now Orcanes, view my royall hoste,
That hides these plaines, and seemes as vast & wide,
As doth the Desart of Arabia,
To those that stand on Badgeths loftie towers,
Or as the Ocean to the Trauiler
That rides vpon the loftie Appenines:

And

And tell me whether I should stoope so lowe,
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king:
Byr. Kings of Natolia and of Hungary,
We came from Turky to confirme a league
And not to dare each other to the field:
A friendly parle might become you both.
Fred. And we from Europe to the same intent,
Which if your Generall refuse or scorne,
Our Tents are pitcht, our men stand in array.
Readie to charge you ere you stir your feete.
Nat. So prest are we, but yet if Sigismond
Speake as a friend, and stand not upon termes,
Here is his sword, let peace be ratified
On these conditions specified before,
Drawen with aduise of our Ambassadors
Sig. Then here I sheath it, and giue thee my hand,
Neuer to draw it out, or menage armes
Against thy selfe or thy confederates:
But whilst I liue will be at truce with thee.
Nat. But (Sigismond) confirme it with an oath,
And sweare in sight of heauen and by thy Christ.
Sig. By him that made the world & sau'd my soule
The sonne of God and issue of a maide,
Sweete Iesus Christ, I solemnly protest,
And vow to keepe this peace inuiolable.
Nat. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alkaron remaines with vs,
Whose glorious body when he left the world,
Clos'd in a coffin mounted by the aire,
And hung on stately Mecas Temple roofe,
I sweare to keepe this truce inuiolable:
Of whose condition, and our solemne othes
Sign'd with our handes, ech shall retaine a scrowle
As memorable witnesse of our league.
Now Sigismond, if any Christian King
Encroch vpon the confines of thy realme,

Send word Orcanes of Natolia
Confirme this league beyond Danubius streame,
And they will (trembling) sound a quicke retreat,
So am I fear'd among all nations.
Sig. If any heathen potentate or king
Invade Natolia, Sigismond will send
A hundred thousand horse trained to the war,
And backt by stout Lanciers of Germany.
The strength and sinewes of the imperiall seat.
Nat. I thanke thee Sigismond, but when I war
All Asia Minor, Africa and Greece
Follow my Standard and my thundring Drums:
Come let vs goe and banquet in our tents:
I will dispatch chiefe of my army hence
To faire Natolia, and to Trebizon,
To stay my coming gainst proud Tamburlaine.
Freend Sigismond, and peeres of Hungary,
Come banquet and carouse with vs a while,
And then depart we to our severall charges. Exeunt.

ACTVS. I. SCENA. III.

Callapine with Almeda, his keeper.

Callap.
Sweet Almeda, pitty the ruthfull plight
Of Callapine, the sonne of Baiazeth,
Borne to be Monarch of the Westerne world:
Yet here detain'd by cruell Tamburlaine.
Alm. My Lord I pitty it, and with my heart
Wish your release, but he whose wrath is death,
My soveraigne Lord, renowmed Tamburlaine,
Forbids you further liberty than this.
Cal. Ah were I now but halfe so eloquent
To paint in words, what I in deeds intend,
I know thou would'st depart hence unwithstood.
Al. Not for all Affrike, therefore move me not.
Cal. Yet hear me speake my gentle Almeda.

Al.

Al. No speeches that end, by your fauour sir.
Cal. By Cario runs.
Al. No tale of running, I tel you sir.
Cal. A little further, gentle Almeda.
Al. Well sir, what of this?
Cal. By Cario runs to Alexandria Bay,
Darotes streames, wherein an anchor lies
A Turkish Gally of my royal fleet,
Waiting my comming to the riuer side,
Hoping by some meanes I shall be releast.
Which when I come aboord will hoist vp saile,
And some way forth into the Terrene sea:
Where betwixt the Iles of Cyprus & of Creete,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arriue.
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more
Vpon their knees, al bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many crownes of burnisht gold,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command.
A thousand Gallies mann'd with christian slaues
I freely giue thee, which shall cut the straights,
And bring Armados to the coasts of Spaine,
Fraughted with golde of rich America:
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
Skilfull in musicke and in amorous layes:
As faire as was Pigmalions Ivory gyrle,
Or louely Io metamorphosed.
With naked negros shall thy coach be drawen,
And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streetes,
The pauement vnderneath thy chariot wheeles
With Turky Carpets shall be couered:
And cloath of Arras hung about the walles,
Fit obiects for thy princely eie to pierce.
A hundred Walloes cloath'd in crimson silke
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian Steeds:
And when thou goest, a golden Canapie
Enchac'd with precious stones, which shine as bright

As that faire vaile that couers all the world:
When Phœbus leaping from his Hemi-spheare,
Discendeth downe vnto the Antipodes.
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.
Alm. How far hence lies the Galley, say you?
Cal. Sweet Almeda, scarse halfe a league from hence.
Alm. But need we not be spied going aboord?
Cal. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill
And crooked bending of a craggy rock,
The sailes wrapt vp, the mast and tacklings downe,
She lies so close that none can finde her out.
Alm. I like that well: but tell me my Lord, if I should let you goe, would you bee as good as your word? Shall I bee made a king for my labour?
Cal. As I am Callapine the Emperour,
And by the hande of Mahomet I sweare,
Thou shalt be crowned a king and be my mate.
Alm. Then here I sweare, as I am Almeda,
Your Keeper vnder Tamburlaine the great,
(For that's the style and title I haue yet)
Although he sent a thousand armed men
To intercept this haughty enterprize,
Yet would I venture to conduct your grace,
And die before I brought you backe againe.
Cal. Thanks gentle Almeda, then let vs haste,
Least time be past, and lingring let vs both.
Al. When you will my Lord, I am ready.
Cal. Euen straight: and farewel cursed Tamburlaine.
Now goe I to reuenge my fathers death. Exeunt.

Actvs. I. Scæna. IIII.

Tamburlaine with Zenocrate, and his three sonnes, Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus, with drummes and trumpets.

Tamburlaine.

Now

NOw bright Zenocrate, the worlds faire eie,
Whose beames illuminate the lamps of heauen,
Whose cheerefull looks do cleare the cloudy aire
And cloath it in a Christall itinerie,
Now rest thee here on faire Larissa plaines,
Where Egypt and the Turkish Empire parts
Betweene thy sonnes that shalbe Emperours,
And euery one commander of a world.

Zen. Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leaue these
And saue thy sacred person free from scathe: (armes
And dangerous thoughts of the wrathfull warr?

Tam. When heauen shall cease to moue on both these
When the ground whereon my souldiers march (poles
Shal rise aloft and touch the horned Moon,
And not before my sweet Zenocrate:
Sit by and rest thee like a louely Queene.
So, now she sits in pompe and maiestie:
When these my sonnes, more precious in mine eies
Than all the wealthy kingdomes I haue conquered:
Plac'd by her side, looke on their mothers face,
But yet me thinks their looks are amorous,
Not martiall as the sonnes of Tamburlaine
Water and aire being symbolized in one:
Argue their want of courage and of wit,
Their haire as white as milke and soft as Downe,
Which should be like the quilles of Porcupines.
As blacke as Jeat, and hard as Iron or steel,
Bewraies they are too dainty for the warres.
Their fingers made to quauer on a lute,
Their armes to hang about a Ladies necke:
Their legs to dance and caper in the aire:
Would make me thinke them Bastards, not my sonnes,
But that I know they issued from thy wombe,
That neuer look'd on man but Tamburlain.

Zen. My gratious Lord they haue their mothers looks,
But when they list their conquering fathers heart:

This lowely boy the youngest of the three,
Not long agoe brought Scythian Steed:
Trotting the ring, and curting as a Lion:
Which when he scourged with his slender rod,
He raign'd him straight and made him so curuet,
As I cryed out for feare he should have faine.

Tam. Well done my boy, thou shalt have shield and lance
Armour of proofe, horse, helme, & Curtle axe
And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
And harmelesse run among the deadly pikes.
If thou wilt love the warres and follow me,
Thou shalt be made a King and raigne with mine,
Keeping in pryson cruell Emperours.
If thou exceed thy elder brothers worth,
And shine in complete vertue more than they,
Thou shalt be King before them, and thy seed
Shall issue crowned from their mothers wombe.

Cel. Yes father, you shall see me if I live,
Have under me as many Kings as you,
And march with such a multitude of men,
As all the world shall tremble at their view.

Tam. These words assure me boy, thou art my sonne,
When I am old and cannot manage armes,
Be thou the scourge and terrour of the world.

Amy. Why may not I my Lord, as well as he,
Be term'd the scourge & terrour of the world?

Tam. Be all a scourge and terror to the world,
Or else you are not sons of Tamburlaine.

Cal. But while my brothers follow armes my lord,
Let me accompany my gracious mother,
They are enough to conquer all the world
And you have won enough for me to keepe.

Tam. Bastardly boy sprung from some cowards loyns:
And not the issue of great Tamburlaine,
If all the provinces I have subdued
Thou shalt not have a foe, unlesse thou beare

A mind corragious and inuincible:
For he shall weare the crowne of Persea,
whose head hath deepest scarres, whose breast most wounds,
which being wroth sends lightening from his eies.
And in the furrowes of his frowning browes,
Harbors reuenge, war, death and cruelty:
For in a field whose superfluities
Is couered with a liquid purple vaile,
And sprinkled with the braines of slaughtered men,
My royall chaire of state shalbe aduanced:
And he that meanes to place himselfe therein
Must armed wade vp to the chin in blood.

Zen. My Lord, such speeches to our princely eares
Dismates their minds before they come to prooue
The sounding troubles angry warr affords.

Cel. No Madam, these are speeches fit for vs,
For if his chaire were in a sea of blood,
I would prepare a ship and saile to it,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.

Amy. And I would strive to swim through seas of blood
Or make a bridge of murthered carcases,
whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turkes,
Ere I would take the title of a king.

Tam. Well done ye boyes, ye shalbe Emperours both
Stretching your conquering armes from east to west:
And sirha, if you meane to weare a crowne,
When we shall meet the Turkish deputy
And all his Bassoes, snatch it from his head,
And cleane his sword in Iannizars with thy sword.

Cal. If any man will hold him, I will strike,
And cleane him to the chaunell with my sword.

Tam. Hold him, and cleane him too, or Ile cleane thee,
For we will match against them presently.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promist to meet me on Larissa plaines
With hosts a peece against this Turkish crue,

For I haue swornе by sacred Mahomet,
To make it parcel of my Empery,
The trumpets sound Zenocrate they come.

Actvs. I. Scæna. V.

Enter Theridamas, & his traine with drums and trumpets.

Tam. WElcome Theridamas, King of Argier,

Ther. My royall Lord and mighty Tamburlain,
Arch Monarke of this worlde, I offer here,
My crowne, my selfe, and all the power I haue,
In vnfeind affection at thy kingly feete.

Tam. Thanks good Theridamas.

Ther. Vnder my colours march ten thousand Greeks
And of Argier and Fesse frontier townes,
Twise twenty thousand valiant men at armes,
All which haue sworne to sacke Natolia:
Fiue hundred Brigandines are vnder saile,
Meet on the coaste fro[illegible] the sea, my Lord,
That lanching from Argier to Tripoly,
Will quickly ride before Natolia:
And batter downe the castles on the shore.

Tam. Welcome Argier, to retire thy crowne againe.

Actvs. I. Scæna. VI.

Enter Techelles and Vsumcasane together.

Tam. KIng of Moroccus sonne of Fesse, welcome.
Vsum. Magnificent & puissant Tamburlaine,
I and my neighbour King of Fesse haue brought
Conde thee in this Turkish expedition,
A hundred thousand expert souldiers
From Azamor to Tunis neere the sea,
Is Barbary vnpeopled for thy sake,
And all the men in armour vnder me,

Which

which with my crowne I gladly offer thee. (againe

Tam. Thanks king of Morocus, take your crowne

Tech. And mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly God,
Whose lookes make this inferiour world to quake,
I here present thee with the crawn of Fesse,
And with an hoste of Moores trainde to the war,
whose coleblacke faces make their foes retyre,
And quake for feare, as if infernall Ioue,
Meaning to aid them in this Turkish armes,
Should pierce the blacke circumference of hel,
With vgly furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits:
From strong Tesella vnto Biledull,
All Barbary is vnpeopled for thy sake. (againe

Tam. Thanks king of Fesse, take here thy crowne
Your presence (louing friends and fellow kings)
Makes me to surfet in conceining ioy,
If al the christall gates of Ioues high court
Were opened wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and maiesty of heauen.
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plaines a while,
And after march to Turky with our Camp,
In number more than are the drops that fall
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling cloudes.
And prou d Orcanes of Natolia,
With al his pieceraies shal be so affraide,
That though the stones, as at Deucalions flood,
Were turnd to men, he should be ouercome:
Such lauish will I make of Turkish blood,
That Ioue shall send his winged messenger
To bid me sheath my sword, and leaue the field:
The Sun vnable to sustaine the sight,
Shal hide his head in Thetis watery lap,
And leaue his steedes to faire Boetes charge:
For halfe the world shall perish in this fight:

But now my friendes, let me examine ye,
How haue ye spent your absent time from me?
Vsum. My Lord our men of Barbary haue marched
Foure hundred miles with armour on their backes,
And laine in leagre fifteene moneths and more,
For since we left you at the Souldans court,
We haue subdude the Southerne Gualiata,
And all the land vnto the coast of Spaine.
We kept the narrow fraits of Gibralter,
And made Canarea call vs kings and Lords,
Yet neuer did they restreate themselues,
Or cease one day from warre and hot alarmes,
And therfore let them rest a while my Lord.
Tam. They shall Cosane, and tis time I saith.
Tech. And I haue marched along the riuer Nile,
To Machda, where the mighty Christian priest
Called Iohn the great, lies in a milke-white robe,
Whose triple Myter I did take by force,
And made him sweare obedience to my crowne.
From thence vnto Cazates did I march,
Where Amazonians met me in the field:
With whom (being women) I vouchsafe a league,
And with my power did march to Zansibar
The westerne part of Affrike, where I viewed
The Ethiopian sea, riuers and lakes,
But neither man nor child in all the land:
Therefore I tooke my course to Manico,
Where vnresisted I remoued my campe:
And by the coast of Byather at last,
I came to Cubar where the Negros dwell,
And conquering that, made path to Nubia,
There hauing slaine Borno the Kingly seat,
I tooke the king, and led him bound in chaines
Vnto Damasco, where I staid before.
Tamb. Well done Techelles: what saith
Theridamas?

Ther.

Ther. I left the confines and the bounds of Affricke
And made a voyage into Europe,
Where by the riuer Tyros I subdew'd
Stoka, Padalia, and Codemia.
Then croſt the ſea and came to Oblia.
And Nigra Silua, where the Dentils dance,
Which in deſpight of them I ſet on fire
From thence I croſt the Gulfe, cal'd by the name
Mare magore of thinhabitantes:
Yet ſhall my ſouldiers make no period
Untill Natolia kneele before your feete.

Tamb. Then will we triumph, banquet and carouſe,
Cookes ſhall haue penſions to prouide vs cates,
And glut vs with the dainties of the world,
Lachrima Chriſti and Calabrian wines
ſhall comon ſouldiers drinke in quaffing bowles,
Inſtead of golde when we haue conquer'd him.
Mingled with coſtrall and with orientall pearle:
Come let vs banquet and carouſe the cuppes. Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actvs. 2. Scena. 1.

Sgiſmond, Fredcrike, Baldwine, with their traine.

Sigiſ. NOw fayre my Lordes of Buda and Bohemia,
What motion is it that inflames your thoughts
And ſtirs your valures to ſuch ſoodaine armes?

Fred. Your Maieſtie remembers I am ſure
What cruel ſlaughter of our Chriſtian bloods.
Theſe heathnish Turkes and pagans lately made,
betwixt the citie Zula and Danubius,
How through the midſt of Verna and Bulgaria
And almoſt to the very walles of Rome,
They haue not long ſince inſtacred our campe,

It

Is rellish now thou that your Maiesty
Take all aduantages of time and power,
And worke reuenge vpon these Infidels:
Your highnesse knowes for Tamburlaines repaire,
That strikes a terrour to all Turkish hearts,
Natolia hath dismist the greatest part
Of all his armie yet fit against our power
Betwixt Cutheia and Orontus mount:
And sent them marching vp to Belgasar,
Acantha, Antioch, and Caesaria,
To aid the kings of Soria and Ierusalem.
Now then my Lord, aduantage take thereof,
And issue sodainly vpon the rest,
That in the fortunes of their ouerthrow,
We may discourage all the pagan troupe,
That dare attempt to soyle with Christians.

Sig. But ah pause not thus your grace to remember,
The league so lately made with king Orcanes,
Confirm'd by oth and Articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our truthes:
This should be trecherie and violence,
Against the grace of our profession.

Bald. No whit my Lord: for with such Infidels,
In whom no faith nor true religion rules,
We are not bound to those accomplishmentes,
The holy lawes of Christendome inioyne,
But as a faith which they prophanely plight
Not by necessarie policie,
To be esteem'd assurance for ourselues,
So that for how to them should not infringe
Our libertie of armes and victorie.

Sig. Though I confesse the othes they vndertake,
Breed litle strength to our securitie,
Yet those in Armies that thus defame
Their faithes, their honors, and their religion,
Should not giue hope presumption to the like,

Our faithes are found, and must be consummate,
Religious, righteous, and inuiolate.
Fred. Assure vpon Gods grace this superstition
To stand so strictly on dispensing faithe
And should we lose the opportunities
That God hath giuen to venge our Christians death
And scourge their fonde blasphemous Paganisme:
As fell to Saule; to Balaam and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at Gods commaund,
So surely will the vengeance of the highest
And zealous anger of his fearefull arme
Be pour'd without our sinfull heades,
If we neglect this offered victory.
Sig. Then arme my Lordes, and issue sodainly,
Giuing commaundement to our generall hoste,
with expedition to affaile the Pagan,
And take the victorie our God hath giuen. Exeunt.

Actvs. 2. Scena. 2.

Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa with their traine.

Orcanes.

GAzellus, Vribassa, and the rest,
Now will we march from ground Orminius mount
To faire Natolia, where our neighbour kings
Expect our power and our royall presence,
T'incounter with the cruell Tamburleine,
That nigh Larissa swaies a mighty hoste,
And with the thunder of his martiall tooles
Makes Earthquakes in the hearts of men and heauen.
Gaz. And now came we to make his knowes shake,
with greater power than erst his pride hath felt,
An hundred kings by scores wil bid him armes,
And hundred thousands subiect to each score:
Which (knowen once) of our resistles thunderbolts
Should breake our selues off the horrors of the clouds.

And

And fall as thicke as hailе vpon our heades,
In partiall aide of that proude Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steeled crestes,
And numbers more than infinite of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.
Vide the thinke I see how glad the Christian king
Is made, for ioy of your vnlooked for traines
That could not but haue hastened be to vs,
Which vanquished put vs from out holde.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. Arme my gracious Soueraigne and my noble Lords
The treacherous disloyalty of the Christians
Taking aduantage of your friendly truce,
Comes marching on vs, & determines straight,
To bid vs battle for our dearest liues.

Orc. Traitors, villaines, damned Christians.
Haue I not here the articles of peace,
And solemne couenantes we haue both confirm'd,
He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet?

Gaz. Hell and confusion light vpon their heads,
That with such treason seeke our ouerthrow,
And cares so litle for their prophet Christ.

Orc. Can there be faith or truth in Christians,
Or treason in the mighty hand of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God?
Then if there be a Christ, no Christians pray
But in theis bonds bemone him for their Christ's iniurie,
If he be sonne to euerlasting Ioue,
And hath the power of his wrathfull arme,
If he be zelous of his name and honor,
As our holy prophet Mahomet,
Take here their papers as our fast friend
And witnesse of thy seruants perill.
Open thou shining vaile of Cynthia
And make a passage from the imperiall heauen
That he that sits on high and neuer sleepes,

Now

Nor in one place to circumscriptible,
But euery where ouer his euery continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigor,
May in his endlesse power and puritie
Behold and venge this Traitorous periurie.
Thou Christ that art esteem'd omnipotent,
If thou wilt prooue thy selfe a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithfull hearters,
Be now reueng'd vpon this Traitors soule,
And make the power I haue left behinde
(Gotlike to defend our guiltlesse liues)
Sufficient to discomfort and confounde
The trustlesse force of those false Christians.
To armes my Lords, on Christ this day
If there be Christ, we shall haue victory.

Sound to the battel, and Sigismond comes out wounded.

Sig. Discomfited is all the Christian hoste,
And God hath thundred vengeance from on high,
For my accurst and hatefull periurie.
O iust and dreadfull punisher of sinne,
Let the dishonor of the paines I feele,
In this my mortall well deserued wound,
End all my penance in my sodaine death,
And let this death wherein to sinne I die,
Conceiue a second life in endlesse mercie.

Enter Orca, Gazellas, Vribalsa, with others.

Or. Now lie the Christians bathing in their blouds,
And Christ or Mahomet hath beene my friend.
Gaz. See here the pertured traitor Hungary,
Bloody and heartlesse for his villanie.
Orc. Now shall his barbarous body be a pray
To dealles and fowles, and all the windes shall beate
Through

Through shadie leaues of euery sencelesse tree,
Murmures and hisses for his hainous sinne:
Now scalds his soule in the Tartarian streames,
And feeds vpon the banefull tree of hell,
That Zoacum, that fruit of bitternesse,
That in the midst of fire is ingraft,
Yet flourisheth as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damned feendes,
The Furies there in stead of quenchlesse flame,
Shall lead his soule through Orcus burning gulfe:
From paine to paine, whose change shall neuer ende:
What fates (quoth he) gaue Gazellus so his foile:
Which neuer reskued Mahomet of his Christ:
And to his power, which here appeares as full
As rates of Cynthia to the cleere of Christ.

Gaz. Tis but the fortune of the wars my Lord,
Whose power is often proud a miracle.

Orc. Yet in my thoughtes shall Christ be honoured,
Not doting Mahomet as tutrurie,
Whose power had share in this our victorye:
And since this miscreant hath disgrac'd his faith,
And died a traitor both to heauen and earth,
We will both watch and warde and keepe his trunke
Amidst these plaines, for Fowles to prey vpon.
Go Vribassa, giue it straight in charge.

Vri. I will my Lord. Exit Vrib.

Orc. And now Gazellus, let vs hast and meet
Our Army and our brother of Ierusalem,
Of Soria, Trebison and Almasia,
And happily with ful Natolian bowles
Of Greekish wine now let vs celebrate
Our happy conquest, and his angry fate. Exeunt.

Actvs. 5. Scæna. 1.

The Arras is drawen and Zenocrate lies in her bedde of state,

state, Tamburlane sitting by her: three Phisitians about her bed, tempering potions, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, and the three sonnes.

Tamb.

BLacke is the beautie of the brightest day,
The golden ball of heauens eternall fire,
That danc'd with glorie on the siluer waues:
Now wantes the fewell that inflam'd his beames
And all with faintnesse and for foule disgrace,
He bindes his temples with a frowning cloude,
Readie to darken earth with endlesse night:
Zenocrate that gaue him light and life,
Whose eies shot fire from Ioues duo spheres,
And tempered euery soule with liuely heat,
Now by the malice of the angry Skies,
Whose iealousie admits no second Mate,
Drawes in the comfort of her latest breath
All dasled with the hellish mists of death,
Now walke the Angels on the walles of heauen,
As Centinels to warne th'immortall soules,
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
Apollo Cynthia, and the ceaselesse lampes
That gently look'd vpon this loathsome earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heauens
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
The christall springes whose taste illuminates
Refined eies with an eternall light,
Like tried siluer runs through Paradise
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
The Cherubins and holy Seraphins
That sing and play before the king of kinges:
Vse all their voices and their instrumentes
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
And in this sweete and curious harmony,
The God that tunes this musicke to our soules:
Holds out his hand in highest maiestie

To

To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
Then let some holy trance conuaie my thoughtes,
Vp to the palace of th'imperiall heauen:
That this my life may be as shorte to me
As are the dates of sweete Zenocrate:
Phillitions will not Physicke do her good.
Phis. My Lord, your Maiestie shall soone perceiue:
And if she passe this fit, she liues to yeare.
Tam. Tell me, how fares my faire Zenocrate?
Zen. I feare my Lord, as other Gouerneſſes,
Thou [illegible] this fraile & transitorie flesh
Hath [illegible] the measure of their fatall aire
That [illegible] the habite forth his hated health,
And [illegible] with enforst and neceſſarie change.
Tam. [illegible] vnterfuch a change transforme my loue
In [illegible] heate being I repose my life,
And [illegible] heauenly patience beautified with health,
Giue [illegible] light to Phoebus and the fixed starres,
And [illegible] absence make the Sunne and Moone as darke
As when opposde in one Diameter:
The [illegible] pheares are resumde on the serpentes head,
Or [illegible] descended to his swindging traine:
I [illegible] kill my loue and so conserue my life,
Or [illegible] be the anchor of my death.
Zen. [illegible] kill my Lord, O let my soueraigne sine,
And [illegible] the fiery Element
Dissolue [illegible] make your kingdome in the Skie,
Than [illegible] earth should shroud your Maiestie:
For [illegible] but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happinesse
And hope to meet your highnesse in the heauens,
Turn'd to dispaire, would breake my wretched breast.
And furie would confounde my present rest.
But let me die my Loue yet let me die,
With loue and patience let your true loue die:
Your griefe and fury hurts my second life,

Yet

Yet let me kisse my Lord before I dy,
And let me die with kissing of my Lord.
But since my life is lengthened yet a while,
Let me take leave of these my loving friends,
And of my Lords whose vertues nobly
Haue merited my latest memory:
Sweet louing friends in sorrowfull note
And in your lines your fathers excellency:
Some musicke, and my gentle case my Lord.

They call Musicke

Tam. Stout, fury and intollerable fit,
That dares torment the hatefull fates of my loue,
And scourge the scourge and terror of the worlds great God,
Now are those bloudie spoiles in thine Capitol hild to fit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with loue,
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death:
Whose stearne lookes do pierce the center of my soule,
Her sacred beauty hath inchanted heauen,
And had she liu'd before the siege of Troy,
Hellen, whose beauty fired the burned Greeke so long,
And drawn a thousand ships to Tenedos, and
Had not been nam'd in Homers Iliads:
Her rauishment had been as worthy blame:
Or had those wanton Poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gazed a while on her,
Nor Lesbia, nor Corinna had been nam'd,
Zenocrate had din the argument
Of euery Epigram or Elegie.

The musicke sounds and she dies.

Tam. What, is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleaue in twaine,
And we descend into the infernal vaults,
To hale the fatal Sisters by the hairs,
And throw them in the triple moate of hell,
For taking hence my faire Zenocrate.
Casane and Theridamas to armes,

Raise Canaliteros higher than the cloudes:
And with the cannon breake the hollow frame of heaven.
Batter the shining pallace of the Sun,
And shiuer all the starry Firmament:
For amazons loue hath lanched downe loue from hence,
Meaning to make her starued Maiesty
What God so euer holds thee in his armes,
Giuing thee Nectar and Ambrosia,
Behold me here diuine zenocrate,
Raging, impatient, desperate and mad,
Breaking my speeches, with which I burst
The rusty beames of Ianus Temple doores,
Letting out death and tyrannizing war:
To march with me vnder this bloody flag,
And if thou pitiest Tamburlaine thy great,
Come downe from heauen and liue with her againe.
Ther. My gracious Lord beat comfort shee is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her liue.
If words might serue our lookes haue rent the aire,
If teares could slake the sorrowes of the earth:
If grieke, our sighes and our complaints haue strained forth blood
Nothing preuailes, for shee is dead my Lord.
Tam. For shee is dead thy words do pierce my soule
Ah sweet Theridamas, say so no more,
Though shee be dead, yet let me think shee liues,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her:
Where ere her soule be, thou shalt stay with me
Embalm'd with Cassia, Ambar Greece and Myrre,
Not lapt in lead but in a sheet of Gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interr'd,
Then in as rich a tombe as Mausolus,
We doth will rest and haue an Epitaph
Writ in as many seuerall languages,
As I haue conquered kingdomes with my sword,
This cursed towne will I consume with fire,
Because they berest me of my Loue:

The

The houses burnt, will looke as if they mourn'd
And here will I set by her stature,
And march about it with my mourning campe,
Weeping and pining for Zenocrate.
The Arras is drawen.

Actvs III. Scæna. I.

Enter the kings of Trebison and Soria, one bringing a sword, and another a scepter: next Natolia and Ierusalem with the Emperiall crowne: After Callapine, and after him other Lords. Orcanes and Ierusalem crowne him, and the other giue him the scepter.

Orcanes.

CAlepinus Cyricolibes, otherwise Cybelius, son & successiue heire to the late mighty Emperour Baiazeth, by the aide of God and his friend Mahomet, Emperour of Natolia, Ierusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmonia, And all the hundred and thirtie kingdomes late contributory to his mighty Father. Long liue Callepinus, Emperour of Turkie.

Cal. Thrise worthy kings of Natolia, and the rest,
I will requite your royall gratitudes
With all the benefits my Empire yeelds:
And were the sinowes of the imperiall seat
So knit and strengthned, as when Baiazeth
My royall Lord and father sate the throne,
Whose cursed fate hath so dismembred it,
Then should you see this Theefe of Scythia,
This proud usurping king of Persea,
Do vs such honor and supremacie,
Bearing the vengeance of our fathers wrongs.
As all the world should blot our dignities
Out of the booke of base borne infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royal cares
Hath so prouided for this cursed foe,

That since the heire of mighty Bairam
(An Emperour so honoured for his vertues)
Reuiues the spirits of all true Turkish hearts,
In grieuous memory of his fathers shame,
We shal not need to nourish any doubt,
But that proud fortune, who hath followed long
The martiall sword of mightie Tamburlaine,
Will now retaine her olde inconstancie,
And raise our honors to as high a pitch
In this our strong and fortunate encounter,
For so hath heauen prouided my escape,
From al the cruelty my soule sustaind,
By this my friendly keepers happy meanes,
That loue surcharg'd with pitie of our wrongs,
Will powre it downe in showers on our heads:
Scourging the pride of cursed Tamburlaine.

Orc. I haue a hundred thousand men in armes,
Some, that in the conquest of the perlus Christian,
Being a handfull to a mighty hoste,
Thinke them in number yet insufficient,
To drinke the riuer Nile or Euphrates,
And for their power, inough to win the world.

Ier. And I as many from Ierusalem,
Iudæa, Gaza, and Scalonians bounds,
That on mount Sinay with their ensignes spread,
Looke like the parti-coloured clouds of heauen,
That shew faire weather to the neighbor morne.

Treb. And I as many bring from Trebizon,
Chio, Famastro, and Amasia,
All bordring on the Mare-maior sea:
Risorsancina, and the bordering townes,
That touch the end of famous Euphrates,
Whose courages are kindled with the flames:
The cursed Scythian sets on al their townes,
And vow to burne the villaines cruell heart.

Sor. From Soria with seuenty thousand strong,

Tane

Cane from Aleppo, Soldino, Tripoly,
And so vnto my citie of Damasco,
I marcht to meet and aid my neighbor kings,
All which wil ioyne against this Tamburlaine,
And bring him captiue to your highnesse feet.
Orc. Our battell then in martiall manner pitcht,
According to our ancient vse, shall beare
The figure of the semi-circled Moone:
whose hornes shall sprinkle through the tainted aire,
The poisoned braines of this proud Scythian.
Cal. Wel then my noble Lords, for this my friend,
That freed me from the bondage of my foe:
I thinke it requisite and honorable,
To keepe my promise, and to make him king,
That is a gentleman (I know) at least.
Al. That's no matter sir, for being a king,
For Tamburlaine came vp of nothing.
Ier. Your Maiesty may chose some printed time,
Performing al your promise to the full:
Tis nought for your maiesty to giue a kingdome.
Cal. Then wil I shortly keepe my promise Almeda
Al. Why, I thanke your Maiesty. Exeunt.

Actvs II. Scæna. II.

Tamburlain with Vsumcasane, and his three sonnes, foure bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, & the drums sounding a dolefull march, the towne burning.

Tam. SO, burne the turrets of this cursed town,
Flame to the highest region of the aire:
And kindle heapes of exhalations,
That being fiery meteors, may presage,
Death and destruction to the inhabitants
Ouer my Zenith hang a blazing starre,
That may indure till heauen be dissolu'd,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,

Threatning a death and famine to this land,
Flying Dragons, lightning, fearful thunderclaps,
Smdge these faire plaines, and make them seeme as blacke
As is the Land where the Furies maske
Compast with Lethe, Styx, and Phlegeton,
Because my deare Zenocrate is dead.

Cal. Thus Fisher plac'd in memory of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greeke is writ.
This towne being burnt by Tamburlaine the great,
Forbids the world to build it vp againe.

Amy. And here this mournful Streamer shall be plac'd
Wrought with the Persian and the Egyptian armes,
To signify she was a princesse borne,
And wife vnto the Monarke of the East.

Celib. And here this table as a Register
Of all her vertues and perfections.

Tam. And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To shew her beauty, which the world admyr'd.
Sweet picture of diuine Zenocrate,
That hanging here, will draw the Gods from heauen:
And cause the Sun sit in the Southerne arke,
(Whose lonely faces neuer may be hid,
That haue not past the centers latitude.
As Pilgrimes trauell to our Pheat sphere,
Only to gaze vpon Zenocrate,
Thou shalt not beautifie Larissa plaines,
But keepe within the circle of mine armes,
At euery towne and castle I besiege,
Thou shalt be set vpon my royal tent,
And when I meet an army in the field,
(Whose lookes will shed such influence in my campe,
As if Bellona, Goddesse of the war
Threw naked swords and fulphur balles of fire,
Vpon the heads of al our enemies.
And now my Lords, aduance your speares againe,
Sorrow no more my sweet, Casane now:

Boyes

Boyes leaue to mourne, this towne shal euer mourne,
Being burnt to cynders for your mothers death.
Cal. If I had wept a sea of teares for her,
It would not ease the sorrowes I sustaine.
Amy. As is that towne so is my heart consum'd,
With griefe and sorrow for my mothers death.
Cel. My mothers death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.
Tamb. But now my boies, leaue off, and list to me,
That meane to teach you rudiments of war:
Ile haue you learne to sleepe vpon the ground,
March in your armor thorow watery fens,
Sustaine the Scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and colde right adiuncts of the war,
And after this, to scale a castle wal,
Besiege a fort, to vndermine a towne,
And make whole cities caper in the aire.
Then next, the way to fortifie your men,
In champion grounds, what figure serues you best,
For with the quinque-angle fourme is meet,
Becaule the corners there may fall more flat:
Whereas the fort may fittest be assaild.
And sharpest where th' assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deepe, the Counterscarps
Narrow and steepe, the walles made high and broad,
The Bulwarkes and the rampiers large and strong,
With Cauallers and thicke counterforts,
And roome within to lodge fiue thousand men.
It must haue priuie ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch:
It must haue high Argins and couered freyes
To keepe the bulwarke fronts from battery,
And Parapets to hide the Muscatters:
Casemates to place the great Artillary,
And store of ordinance that from euery flanke
May scoure the outward curtaynes of the Fort,

Dismount the Carmes of the aduerse part,
Murther the foe and saue their walles from breach,
When this is learn'd for seruice on the land,
By plaine and easie demonstration,
Ile teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry shot march through lakes & poles,
Deepe riuers, hauens, crekes, and little seas,
And make a fortresse in the raging waues,
Fenc'd with the concaue of a monstrous rocke,
Inuincible by nature of the place.
When this is done, then are ye souldiers,
And worthy sonnes of Tamburlaine the great.

Cal. My Lord, but this is dangerous to be done,
We may be slaine or wounded ere we learne.

Tam. Villain, art thou the sonne of Tamburlain,
And fear'st to die, or with the Curtleaxe
To hew thy flesh and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peale of ordinance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
And those shattered limbs, being toss'd as high as heauen,
Hang in the aire as thicke as sunny motes,
And canst thou Coward stand in feare of death?
Hast thou not seene my horsmen charge the foe,
Shot through the armes, cut ouerthwarts the hands,
Dying their launces with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carrouse within my tent,
Filling their empty vaines with fiery wine,
That being concocted, turnes to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for feare of wounds?
View me thy father that hath conquered kings,
And with his host marcht round about the earth,
Quite void of skars, & cleere from any wound,
That by the warres lost not a drop of blood,
And see him lanch his flesh to teach you al,

He cuts his arme.

A wound is nothing be it neere so deepe.

Blood

Blood is the God of warrs rich liuery,
Now looke I like a souldier, and this wound
Is great a grace and maiestie to me,
As if a chaire of Golde enamuled,
Enchac'd with Diamonds, Saphyrs, Rubies
And fairest pearle of wealthie India
were mounted here vnder a Canapie:
And I sat downe, cloth'd with amaillie robe,
That late adorn'd the Affrike Potentate.
whom I brought bound vnto Damascus walles.
Come boyes and with your fingers search my wounde,
And in my blood wash all your handes at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now my boyes, what thinke ye of a wound?
Cal. I know not what I should thinke of it,
Me thinkes tis a pitifull sight.
Cel. This nothing: giue me a wound father.
Amy. And me another my Lord.
Tam. Come sirra, giue me your arme.
Cel. Here father, cut it brauely as you did your own.
Tam. It shall suffice thou darst abide a wound
My boy, Thou shalt not lose a drop of blood,
Before we meete the enimie of the Turke.
But then run desperate through the thickest thronges,
Dreadlesse of blowes, of bloody woundes and death:
And let the burning of Larissa walls
My speech of war, and this my wound you see
Teach you my boyes to beare courageous mindes,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine.
Vsumcasane now come let vs march
Towards Techelles and Theridamas,
That we haue sent before to fire the townes,
The towers and cities of these hatefull Turkes,
And hunt that Coward, faintheart, runaway.
With that curssed traitor Almeda,
Till fire and sword haue found them at a bay.

Vsu. I long to pierce the bowels with my sword,
That hath betraide my gracious Soueraign,
That curst and damned Traitor Alemeda.
Tam. Then let vs see if coward Calapine,
Dare leuie armes against our puissance,
That we may tread vpon his captiue necke
And treble all his fathers slaueries. Exeunt.

Actvs. 3. Scena. 1.

Techelles, Theridamas and their traine.

Therid.
THus haue we marcht northward frõ Tamburlaine,
Vntõ the frontier point of Soria:
And this is Balsera their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.
Tech. Then let vs bring our light Artilery,
Minions, Faulcons, and Sakers to the trench,
Filling the ditches with the walles wide breach,
And enter in, to scize vpon the gold:
How like you Souldiers, shall we not?
Soul. Yea my Lord, yea, come lets about it.
Ther. But stay a while, summon a parle, Drum,
It may be they will yeeld it quietly,
Knowing two kinges, the friend to Tamburlaine,
Stand at the walles, with such a mightie power.
Summon the battell.

Captaine with his wife and sonne.
Cap. what requier you my maisters?
Ther. Captaine, that thou yeeld vp thy hold to vs.
Cap. To you? why, do thou thinke me weary of it?
Tech. May captaine, thou art weary of thy life,
If thou withstand the fortunes of Tamburlaine.
Ther. These Pioners of Argier in Affrica,
Euen in their armors face shall raise a hill

Of

Of earth and fagots higher than thy foze,
And ouer thy Irgins and couered waies
Shal play vpon the bulwarkes of thy hold
Volleies of ozdinance till the breach be made,
That with his ruine fils vp all the trench.
And when we enter in, not heauen it selfe
Shall ransome thee, thy wife and family.
Tech. Captain, these Moores shall cut the leaden pipes
That bring fresh water to thy men & thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle walls:
That no supply of victuall shal come in,
Nor issue forth, but they shall die:
And therefore Captaine, yeeld it quietly.
Cap. Were you that are the frendes of Tamburlaine
Brothers of holy Mahomet himselfe,
I would not yeild it: therefore ply your worke.
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and vndermine,
Cut off the water, all conueies that can,
Yet I am resolute, and so farewell.
Ther. Pioners away, and where I stucke the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed:
Cast vp the earth towardes the castle wall,
Which till it may defend you, labour alow:
And few or none shall perish by their shot.
Pion. We will my Lord. Exeunt.
Tech. A hundred horse shal scout about the plaines
To spie what force comes to relieue the holde.
Both we (Theredamas) will intrench our men.
And with the Iacobs staffe measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will carry full point blancke vnto their walls.
Ther. Then se the bringing of our ozdinance
Along the trench into the battery,
Where we will haue gabions of six foot broad
To saue our Cannoniers from musket shot,

Betwixt

Betwixt which, shall our ordinance thunder forth
And with the breaches fall, smoake, fire, and dust
The cracke, the Eccho and the souldiers crie
Make deafe the aire, and dim the Christall Sky.
Tech, Trumpets and drums, alarum presently,
And souldiers play the men, the holde is yours.

Enter the Captaine with his wife and sonne.

Olym. Come good my Lord, & let vs hast from hence
Along the caue that leads beyond the foe,
No hope is left to saue this conquered holde.
Cap. A deadly bullet gliding through my side,
Lies heauy on my heart, I cannot liue.
I feele my liuer pierc'd and all my vaines,
That there begin and nourish euery part,
Mangled and torne, and all my entrails bath'd
In blood that stameth from their orifex.
Farewell sweete wife, sweete son farewell, I die.
Olym. Death, whither art thou gone that both we liue
Come backe againe (sweet death) and strike vs both:
One minutes ende our daies, and one Sepulcher
Containe our bodies: death, why com'st thou not:
Well, this must be the messenger for thee,
Now vgly death stretch out thy Sable wings,
And carry both our soules, where bin remaines.
Tell me sweet boy, art thou content to die:
These barbarous Scythians full of crueltie,
And Mooren an whom was neuer pitie found,
Will hew vs peecemeale, put vs to the wheele,
Or else inuent some torture worse than that,
Therefore die by thy louing mothers hand,
Who gently now will stanch thy liuely throat,
And quickly rid thee both of paine and life.
Son. Mother dispatch me, or Ile kill my selfe,
For thinke we I can liue, and see him dead:
Giue me your knife, good mother or strike home:

The

The Scythians shall not tyrannise on me.
Sweet mother stride, that I may meet my father.
She kils him.
Olym. Ah sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,
Intreat a pardon of the God of heauen,
And purge my soule before it come to thee.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles and all their traine.

Ther. How now Madam, what are you doing?
Olym. Killing my selfe, as I haue done my sonne,
With whose bodie with his fathers I haue burnt,
Least cruel Scythians should dismember him.
Tech. 'Twas manly done, and like a souldiers wife
Thou shalt with vs to Tamburlaine the great,
Who when he heares how resolute thou wert,
Will match thee with a Viceroy or a King.
Olim. My Lord deceast, who bears vnto me,
Than any Vicetoy, King or Emperour,
And for his sake here with I end my daies.
Ther. But Lady goe with vs to Tamburlaine,
And thou shalt see a man greater than Mahomet,
In whose high lookes is much more maiesty
Than from the concaue superficies.
Of cloues vast pallace the imperiall Orbe,
Vnto the shining bower where Cynthia sits,
Like louely Thetis in a Christall robe,
That treadeth fortune vnderneath his feete,
And makes the mighty God of armes his slaue:
On whome death and the fatall furies waite,
With naked swords and scarlet liueries:
Before whom (mounted on a Lions backe)
Rhamnusia beares a helmet full of bloud,
And strowes the way with braines of slaughtered men
By whose proud side the vgly furies run.
Harkening when he shall bid them plague the world,

Ouer

Ouer whose Zenith cloth'd in windy aire,
And Egles wings incourn'd to her feathered breast,
Fame houereth, sounding of her golden Trumpe:
That to the adiacent poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of heauen,
The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread:
And him faire Ladie shall thy eies beholde. Come.
Olim. The pitie of my Ladies ruthfull teares,
That humbly craues vpon her knees to stay,
And cast her bodie in the burning flame,
That feedes vpon her sonnes and husbands flesh.
Tech. Madam, sooner shall fire consume vs both,
Then scorch a face so beautifull as this,
In frame of which, Nature hath shewed more skill,
Then when she gaue eternall Chaos forme,
Drawing from it the liuing Lampes of heauen.
Ther. Madam, I am so farre in loue with you,
That you must goe with vs, no remedy.
Olim. Then carry me I care not where you will,
And let the end of this my fatall iourney,
Be like vnto the rest of my peruerse life.
Tech. No Madam, but the beginning of your ioy,
Come willingly, therefore.
Ther. Souldiers now let vs meete the Generall,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the army of the Turke:
The gold, and siluer, and the pearle we got,
Riding this Foyle, deuide in equall shares:
This Lady shall haue twice so much againe,
Out of the coffers of our treasury. Exeunt.

Actvs III. Scæna V.

Callepine, Orcanes, Ierusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Almeda, with their traine.

Messenger.

Mess. REnowmed Emperour, mightie Callepine,
Gods great lieftennant ouer al the world:
Here at Alepo with an hoste of men
Lies Tamburlaine, that king of Persia:
In number more than are the quiuering leaues
Of Idas forrest, where your highnesse hounds,
With open cry pursues the wounded Stag:
Who meanes to gyrt Natolias walls with siege,
Fire the towne and ouerrunne the land.

Cal. My royall army is as great as his,
That from the bounds of Phrigia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waues,
Couers the hils, the vallies and the plaines.
Viceroyes and peeres of Turkey play the men,
Whet all your swords to maugre Tamburlaine
His sonnes, his Captaines and his followers,
By Mahomet not one of them shall liue.
The field wherein this battaile shal be fought,
Forever, terme the Persians sepulchre,
In memory of this our victory.

Orc. Now, he that cals himself scourge of Ioue,
The Emperour of the world, and earthly God,
Shal end the warlike progresse he intendes,
And trauaile hedlong to the lake of hel:
Where legions of deuils knowing he must dy
Here in Natolia, by your highnesse handes
Al brandishing in their brandes of quenchelesse fire,
Stretching their monstrous pawes, grin their teeth.
And guard the gates to entertaine his soule.

Cal. Tell me Viceroyes the number of your men,
And what our Army royal is esteem'd.

Ier. From Palestina and Ierusalem,
Of Hebrewes, three score thousand fighting men
Are come since last we shewed your maiestie.

Orc. So from Arabia defart, and the bounds
Of that sweet land, whose brane Metropolis

Reedified

Recruites the fatre Semyramis,
Came fortie thousand fresh tike foot and horse,
Since last we numbred to your Maiesty.
Treb. From trebizon in Asia the lesse,
Naturalized Cuetes and stout Bythinians
Came to my bandes full fifty thousand more,
That fighting, manly on their proper feete,
Nor neuer retired but with victory,
Since last we numbred to your excellencie.
Sor. Of Sorians from Halla I repaird
And neighbor citties of your highnesse land,
Ten thousand horse, and twenty thousand foot,
Since last we numbred to your excellency,
So that the army I haue is thirtie
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.
Cal. Then welcome Tamburlain vnto thy death.
Come puissant victories, let vs to the field,
The Persians sepulcher and conquest
Mountaines of brazen bloudie men to Mahomet,
Who now with loue opens the firmament,
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Actvs III. Scena I.

Tamburlaine with his three sonnes, Vsumcasane, with others.

Tam.

HOw now Casane, heard a boat of kings,
Sitting as if they were a selling rydes
Vsu. Why lord your presence makes them pale and wan.
Poore soules they looke as if their deaths were neere.
Tam. Why so he is Casane, I am here,
But yet Ile saue their liues and make them slaues,
Ye petty kings of Turky I am come,
As Hector did into the Grecian campe,
To ouer dare the pride of Grecia,

And

And set his warlike person to the view
Of fierce Achilles, rivall of his fame,
I doe you honor in the simile.
For if I should as Hector did Achilles,
(The worthiest knight that ever brandisht sword)
Challenge in combat any of you al,
I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
And fly my glove as from a scorpion.

Orc. Now thou art fearfull of thy armies strength,
Thou wouldst with ouermatch of person fight.
But shepheards issue, base borne Tamburlain,
Thinke of thy end, this sword shall lance thy throat.

Tam. Villaine, the shepheards issue, at whose byrth
Heauen did afford a gratious aspect,
And ioin'd those stars that shal be opposite.
Euen with the dissolution of the world,
And nature meant to make a conquerour,
So famous as is mighty Tamburlaine:
Shal torment thee and that Callapine,
That like a roguish runnaway, suborn'd
That villaine there, that slaue, that Turkish dog,
To false his service to his Soueraigne,
As ye shall curse the byrth of Tamburlaine.

Cal. Raile not proud Scythian, I shall now reuenge
My fathers vile abuses and mine owne.

Ier. By Mahomet he shal be tied in chaines,
Rowing with Christians in a Brigandine,
About the Grecian Iles to rob and spoile:
And turne him to his ancient trade againe,
Me thinks the slaue should make a lusty theefe.

Cal. May, when the battaile ends, al we wil meet,
And sit in councell to inuent some paine,
That most may vex his body and his soule.

Tam. Sirha, Callapine, Ile hang a clogge about
your necke for running away againe, you shal not trouble me thus to come and fetch you,

But as for you (Viceroy) you shal haue bits,
And harnest like my horses, draw my coach:
And when ye stay, be lasht with whips of wier.
Ile haue you learne to feed with provander,
And in a stable lie vpon the planks.
Orc. But Tamburlaine, first thou shalt kneele to vs
And humbly craue a pardon for thy life.
Treb. The common souldiers of our mighty hoste
Shall bring thee bound vnto the Generals tent.
Sor. And all haue iustly sworne thy cruell death,
Or bind thee in eternal torments wrath.
Tam. Well sirs, diet your selues, you know I shall
haue occasion shortly to iourney you.
Cel. See father how Almeda the Iailor lookes vpon vs.
Tam. Villaine, traitor, damned fugitiue,
Ile make thee with the earth had swallowed thee:
Hest thou not death within my wrathful lookes
Goe villaine, cast thee headlong from a rock
Or rip thy bowels, and rent out thy heart,
To appease my wrath, or els Ile torture thee
Searing thy hateful flesh with burning yrons,
And drops of scalding lead, while all thy ioints
Be rackt and beat asunder with the wheele,
For if thou liuest, not any element
Shal shroud thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.
Cal. Wel, in despight of thee, he shal be king:
Come Almeda, receiue this crown of me,
I here inuest thee king of Ariadan,
Bordering on Mare Roso neere to Meca.
Orc. What, take it man.
Al. Good my Lord let me take it.
Cal. Dost thou aske him leaue? here, take it. (dozen
Tam. Go too sirha, take your crowne, & make vp the halfe
So sirha, now you are a king you must giue armes.
Orc. So he shal, and weare thy head in his Scutchion.
Tam. Go let him hang a bunch of keies on his standerd,

to

to put him in remembrance he was a Iailor, that when I take him, I may knock out his braines with them, & lock you in the stable, when you shall come sweating from my (chariot. (slaine.

Treb. I way, let vs to the field, that the villaine may be

Tamb. Techa, prepare whips, and bring my chariot to my Tent: for as soone as the battel is done, I'le ride in triumph through the campe.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles and their traine.

How now ye petty kings, loe, here are bugges
Will make the haire stand vpright on your heads,
And cast your crownes in slaucry at their feete.
Welcome Theridamas and Techelles both,
Sees ye this coate, and know ye this same king?

Ther. I, my Lord, he was Callapines keeper.

Tam. Well, now ye see he is a king, looke to him Theridamas, when we are fighting, least he hide his Crowne as the foolish king of Persea did.

Sor. No Tamburlaine, he shal not be put to that Exigent I warrant thee.

Tam. You know not sir:
But now my followers and my louing friends,
Fight as you euer did, like conquerours,
The glory of this happy day is yours:
My sterne aspect shall make faire victory,
Houering betwixt our armies, light on me,
Loden with Lawrel wreathes to crowne vs all.

Tech. I smile to thinke, how when this field is fought
And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat
With carrying pearle and treasure on their backes,

Tam. You shal be princes all immediatly:
Come fight ye Turkes, or yeeld vs victory.

Orc. No, we will meet thee slauish Tamburlain. Exeunt.

ACTVS. IIII. SCÆNA. I.

Alarme: Amyras & Celebinus, issues from the tent where Caliphas sits a sleepe.

NOw in their glories shine the Golden crownes
Of these proud Turkes much like so many suns
That halfe dismay the maiesty of heauen:
Now brother follow we our fathers sword,
That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,
And cuts downe armies with his conquering wings.
Cel. Cal forth our lasie brother from the tent,
For if my father misse him in the field,
Wrath kindled in the furnasse of his breast,
Will send a deadly lightening to his heart.
Amy. Brother, ho, what, giuen so much to sleepe
You cannot leaue it, when our enemies drums
And rattling cannons thunder in our eares
Our proper ruine, and our fathers foyle?
Cal. Away yee fooles, my father needes not me,
Nor you in faith, but that you will be thought
More childish valourous than manly wise:
If halfe our campe should sit and sleepe with me,
My father were enough to scar the foe:
You doe dishonor to his maiestie,
To thinke our helpes will doe him any good.
Amy. What darst thou then be absent from the fight,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardise,
And oft hath warn'd thee to be still in field,
When he himselfe amidst the thickest troopes
Beats downe our foes to flesh our taintlesse swords.
Cal. I know sir, what it is to kil a man,
It works remorse of conscience in me,
I take no pleasure to be murtherous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.
Cel. O cowardly boy, fie for shame come forth,
Thou doest dishonor manhood, and thy house.
Cal. Goe, goe tall stripling, fight you for vs both,
And take my other toward brother here,

For

For person like to prooue a second Mars,
I will please my mind as well to heare both you
Haue won a heape of honor in the field,
And left your slender carkasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company,
Amy. You will not go then?
Cal. You say true.
Amy. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona munch,
That fil the midst of farthest Tartary,
Turn'd into pearle and proffered for my stay,
I would not bide the fury of my father.
When made a victor in these hauty armes,
He comes & finds his sons haue had no shares,
In all the honors he proposde for vs.
Cal. Take you the honor, I wil take my ease,
My wisedome shal excuse my cowardise:
I goe into the field before I need.
Alarme, and Amyras and Celebinus runnes in.
The bullets fly at randome where they list:
And should I goe and kill a thousand men,
I were as soone rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far than he that neuer fights,
And should I goe and doe no harme nor good,
I might haue harme, which all the good I haue
Joind with my fathers crowne would neuer cure.
Ile to cardes: Perdicas.
Per. Here my Lord.
Cal. Come, thou and I wil go to cards to driue away the time
Per. Content my Lord, but what shall we play for?
Cal. Who shall kisse the faircst of the Turkes concubines first, when my father hath conquered them.
Per. Agreed yfaith, They play.
Cal. They say I am a coward, (Perdicas) and I feare as litle their tara, tantaras, their swords or their cannons as I doe a naked Lady in a net of golde, and for feare I should be affraid, would put it off & come to bed with me.

Per. Such a feare (my Lord) would neuer make ye cry.
Cal. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battell once, to try my valour.

Alarme.

What a coile they keepe, I beleeue there will be some hurt done anon amongst them.

Enter Tamburlain, Theridamus, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Amyras, Celebinus, leading the Turkish kinges.

Tam. See now ye slaues, my children stoops your pride,
And leads your bodies sheepish to the sword,
Bring them my boyes, and tel me if the wars
Be not a life that may illustrate Gods,
And tickle not your spirits with desire
Still to be traind in armes and chiualry?
Amy. Shal we let go these kings againe my Lord
To gather greater numbers gainst our power,
That they may say, it is not chance doth this,
But matchlesse strength and magnanimity?
Tam. No, no Amyras, tempt not fortune so,
Cherish thy valour still with fresh supplies:
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes,
But wher's this coward, villaine not my sonne,
But traitor to my name and maiesty:

He goes in and brings him out.

Image of sloth, and picture of a slaue,
The obloquie and skorne of my renowne,
How may my heart, thus fired with my eis,
Wounded with shame, and kild with discontent,
Shroud any thought, may hold my striuing hands
From martiall iustice on thy wretched soule?
Ther. Yet pardon him I pray your Maiesty.
Tech. & Vsu. Let all of vs intreat your highnesse pardon
Tam. Stand vp, ye base vnworthy souldiers,
Know ye not yet the argument of Armes?

Amy

Amy. God my Lord, let him be forgiuen for one,
And we wil force him to the field hereafter,
Tam. Stand vp my boyes, and I wil teach ye armes,
And what the iealousie of warres must doe,
O Samarcanda, where I breathed first,
And ioy'd the fire of this martiall flesh,
Blush, blush faire city, at thine honors foile,
And shame of nature with Iaertis streame,
Embracing thee with deepest of his loue,
Can neuer wash from thy distained browes.
Here loue, receiue his fainting soule againe,
A Forme not meet to giue that subiect essence,
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine,
Wherein an incorporeall spirit moues,
Made of the mould whereof thy selfe consists,
Which makes me haliant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to leauie power against thy throne,
That I might moue the turning Spheares of heauen,
For earth and all this aiery region
Cannot containe the state of Tamburlaine.
By Mahomet, thy mighty friend I sweare,
In sending to my issue such a soule,
Created of the massy dregges of earth,
The scum and tartar of the Elements,
Wherein was neither corrage, strength or wit,
But follie, sloth, and damned idlenesse:
Thou hast procur'd a greater enemie,
Than he that darted mountaines at thy head,
Shaking the burthen mighty Atlas beares:
Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the aire,
Cloth'd with a pitchy cloud for being seene.
And now ye cankred curres of Asia,
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the Sun,
Now you shall feele the strength of Tamburlaine,
And by the state of his supremacie,

Approue the difference twixt himselfe and you,
Orc. Thou shewest the difference twixt our selues & thee
In this thy barbarous damned tyranny,
Ier. Thy victories are grone so violent,
That shortly heauen, fild with the meteors
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies haue made,
Will poure down blood and fire on thy head:
Whose scalding drops wil pierce thy seething braines
And with our bloods, reuenge our blood on thee.
Tam, Villaines, these terrours and these tyrannies
(If tyrannies wars iustice ye repute)
I execute, enioind me from aboue;
To scourge the pride of such as heauen abhors,
Nor am I made Arch-monark of the world
Crownd and inuested by the hand of Ioue,
For deedes of bounty or nobility:
But since I exercise a greater name,
The Scourge of God and terrour of the world,
I must apply my selfe to fit those termes,
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelty,
And plague such pesants as resisting mee
The power of heauens eternall maiesty.
Theridamas Techelles and VsumCasane
Ransacke the tents and the pauilions
Of these proud Turks, & take their concubines,
Making them burie this effeminate brat,
For not a common Souldier shall besile
His manly fingers with so faint a boy.
Then bring those Turkish harlots to my Tent,
And I'le dispose them as it likes me best,
Meane while take him in.
Souldier. We will my Lord,
Ier. O Damned monster, nay a Feend of Hell,
Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
Nor yet impose, with such a bitter hate.
Orc. Reuenge it Radamanth and Eacus

And

And let your hates extended in his paines
Expell the hate wherewith he paines our soules.
Treb. May neuer day giue vertue to his eies,
whose sight composde of furie and of fire
Doth send such sterne affections to his heart.
Sor. May neuer spirit, vaine or Artier feede
The cursed substance of that cruell heart,
But (wanting moisture and remorseful blood)
Drie vp with anger, and consume with heat.
Tam. Wel, barke ye dogs Ile bridle al your tongues
And binde them close with bits of burnisht steele,
Downe to the channels of your hateful throates,
And with the paines my rigour shal inflict,
Ile make ye roare, that earth may eccho forth
The far resounding torments ye sustaine,
As when an heard of inflite Cymbrian Bulls,
Runne mourning round about, the Females misse,
And stung with fury of their following,
Fill al the aire with troublous bellowing:
I will with Engines, neuer exercisde,
Conquer, sacke, and vtterly consume
Your cities and your golden pallaces,
And with the flames that beat against the cloudes
Incense the heavens, and make the starres to melt,
As if they were the teares of Mahomet.
For hote consumption of his countries pride:
And till by vision, or by speach I heare
Immortall Ioue say, Cease my Tamburlaine
I will persist a terrour to the world.
Making the Meteors, that like armed men
Are seene to march vpon the towers of heauen,
Runne tilting round about the firmament,
And breake their burning Lances in the aire,
For honor of my wondrous victories.
Come bring them in to our Pauilion. Exeunt.

Actus

Actvs IIII. Scæna III.

Olympia alone.

DIstrest Olympia, whose weeping eies
Since thy arriuall here beholde no Sun,
But closde within the compasse of the tent.
Hath stain'd thy cheekes, & made thee looke like death
Deuise some meanes to rid thee of thy life,
Rather than yeeld to his detested suite
Whose drift is onely to dishonor thee,
And since this earth, dew'd with thy brinish teares,
Affoordes no hearbes, whose taste may poyson the,
Nor yet this aier, beat often with thy sighes,
Contagious smels, and vapors to infect thee,
Nor thy close Caue a sword to murther thee,
Let this inuention be the instrument.

Enter Theridamas.

The. Faire yet Olympia, I sought thee in my tent
But when I saw the place obscure and darke
Which with thy beauty thou was wont to light,
Enrag'd I ran about the fields for thee,
Supposing amorous Ioue had sent his sonne,
The winged Hermes, to conuey thee hence:
But now I finde thee, and that feare is past.
Tell me Olympia, wilt thou graunt my loue?

Olym. My Lord and husbands death, with my sweet sonnes,
With whom I buried all affections,
Saue griefe and sorrow which torment my heart,
Forbids my minde to entertaine a thought
That tends to loue but meditate on death,
A fitter subiect for a pensiue soule.

Ther. Olympia, pitie him, in whom thy lookes
Haue greater operation and more force
Than Cynthias in the watery wildernes,
For with thy view my ioyes are at the full,

And

And ebbe againe, as thou departſt from me.
Olym. Ah pitie me my Lord, and draw your ſword,
Making a paſſage for my troubled ſoule.
Which beates againſt this priſon to get out,
And meete my husband and my louing ſoune.
Ther. Nothing, but ſtil thy husband and thy ſonne?
Leaue this my loue, and liſten more to me,
Thou ſhalt be ſtately Queene of faire Argier,
And cloth'd in coſtly cloath of maſſy golde,
Upon the marble turrets of my Court
Sit like to Venus in her chaire of ſtate,
Commaunding all thy princely eie deſires.
And I will caſt off armes to ſit with thee,
Spending my life in ſweete diſcourſe of loue.
Olym. No ſuch diſcourſe is pleaſant in mine eares
But that where euery period ends with death,
And euery line begins with death againe:
I cannot loue to be an Empereſſe.
Ther. Nay Lady, then if nothing wil preuaile,
Ile vſe ſome other meanes to make you yeeld,
Such is the ſodaine fury of my loue,
I muſt and wil be pleaſde, and you ſhal yeeld:
Come to the tent againe.
Olym. Stay now my Lord, & wil you ſaue my honor,
Ile giue your grace a preſent of ſuch price,
As al the world cannot afford the like.
Ther. What is it.
Olym. An ointment which a cunning Alcumiſt
Diſtilled from the pureſt Balſamum,
And ſimpleſt extracts of all Mynerals.
In which the eſſential forme of Marble ſtone,
Tempered by ſcience metaphiſicat,
And Spels of magicke from the mother of ſpirits,
With which if you but noint your tender ſkin,
Nor Piſtol Sword, nor Lance can pierce your fleſh.
Ther. Why madam, think ye to mock me thus palpably.

Olym.

Olim. To proue it, I will noint my naked throat,
which when you stab, looke on your weapons point,
And you shal se't rebated with the blow.
Ther. Why gaue you not your husband some of it, if
you loued him, and it so precious?
Olim. My purpose was (my Lord) to spend it so,
But was preuented by his sodaine end.
And for a present easie proofe thereof,
That I dissemble not, try it on me.
Ther. I will Olympia, and I will keepe it for
The richest present of this Easterne world.
She nointes her throat.
Olim. Now stab my Lord, & marke your weapons point
That will be blunted if the blow be great.
Ther. Here then Olympia.
What, haue I slaine her? Tamburlaine stab thy selfe:
Cut off this arme that murthered my loue:
In whom the learned Rabies of this age,
Might finde as many wondrous myracles,
As in the Theorica of the world.
Now hell is fairer than Elisian,
A greater Lamp than that bright eie of heauen,
From whence the starres borowdw all their light,
Wanders about the blacke circumference.
And now the damned soules are free from paine,
For euerie Fury gazeth on her lookes:
Infernall Dis is courting of my Loue,
Inuenting maskes and stately showes for her,
Opening the doores of his rich treasurie,
To entertaine this Queene of chastitie,
Whose body shall be tomb'd with all the pompe
The treasure of thy kingdome may afford.
Exit, taking her away.

Actvs. IIII. Scæna. IIII.

Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot by Trebizon and Soria
with

with bittes in their mouthes, reines in their left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which he scourgeth them, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumesane, Amyras, Celebinus: Natolia, and Ierusalem led by with fiue or six common souldiers.

Tam,

HOlla, ye pampered Iades of Asia:
What, can ye draw but twentie miles a day,
And haue so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a Coachman as great Tamburlaine?
But from Asphaltis, where I conquer'd you,
To Byron here where thus I honor you:
The horse that guide the golden eie of heauen,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gate about the cloudes,
Are not so honored in their gouernour,
As you (ye slaues) in mightie Tamburlaine.
The headstrong Iades of Thrace, Alcides tam'd,
That king Egeus fed with humane flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdew'd with valour more diuine,
Than you by this vnconquered arme of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shal be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drinke in pailes the strongest Muscadell:
If you can liue with it, then liue and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking cloudes:
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for nought
But perches for the blacke and fatal Rauens.
Thus am I right the scourge of highest Ioue,
And see the figure of my dignitie,
By which I hold my name and maiestie.

Ami. Let me haue coach my Lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawen with these two idle kinges.

Tam. Thy youth forbids such ease my kingly boy,
they shall to morrow draw my chariot,

While

While these their fellow kinges may be refresht,
Orc. O thou that swaiest the region vnder earth,
And art a king as absolute as Ioue,
Come as thou didst in fruitfull Scicilie,
Surueying all the glories of the land:
And as thou took'st the faire Proserpina,
Ioying the fruit of Ceres garded plot,
For loue, for honor, and to make her Queene,
So for iust hate, for shame, and to subdewe
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power
Come once in fury and for ay bis pride,
Hailing him headlong to the lowest hel.
Ther. Your Maiesty must get some byts for these,
To bridle their contemptuous cursing tongues.
That like vnruly neuer broken Jades,
Breake through the hedges of their hatefull mouthes
And passe their fixed bounds exceedingly.
Tech. Nay, we will breake the hedges of their mouths
And pul their kicking colts out of their pastures.
Vsu. Your Maiesty already hath deuisde
A meane, as fit as may be to restraine
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy,
Cel. How like you that sir king? why speake ye not?
Ier. The cruel Brat, sprung from a tyrants loynes.
How like his cursed father he begins,
To practize taunts and bitter tyrannies.
Tam. I Turke, I tel thee, this same Boyes he,
That must (aduaunst in higher pompe than this)
Rifle the kingdomes I shall leaue vnsackt.
If Ioue esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me to match the faire Aldeboran,
Aboue the threefold Astrachisme of heauen,
Before I conquere al the triple world.
Now fetch me out the Turkish Concubines,
I will preferre them for the funeral.
They haue bestowed on my aboztiue sonne.

The Concubines are brought in.

Where are my common ſouldiers now that fought
So Lion-like vpon Aſphaltis plaines?

Soul. Here my Lord.

Tam. Hold ye tal ſouldiers, take ye Queens apeece
(I meane ſuch Queens as were kings Concubines)
Take them deuide them, and leweis too,
And let them equally ſerue al your turnes.

Soul. We thanke your maieſty.

Tam. Braſwle not (I warne you for your lechery,
For euery man that offendes ſhal die.

Orc. Iniurious tyrant, writ thou ſo defame
The hateful fortunes of thy victory,
To exerciſe vpon ſuch guiltleſſe Dames,
The violence of thy common ſouldiers luſt.

Tam. Liue content then (ye ſlaues) and meet not me
With troopes of harlots at your lothful heeles.

Lad. O pitie vs my Lord, and ſaue our honours.

Tam. Are ye not gone ye villains with your ſpoyles?

They run away with the Ladies.

Ier. O mercileſſe infernal cruelitie.

Tam. Saue your honors? twere but time in deede,
Loſt long before ye knew what honour meant.

Ther. It ſeemes they meant to conquer vs my Lorde
And make vs ieſting Pageants for their Trulles.

Tam. And now themſelues ſhal make our Pageant,
And common ſouldiers ieſt with al their Truls,
Let them take pleaſure ſoundly in their ſpoyles,
Til we prepare our march to Babylon,
Whither we next make expedition.

Tech. Let vs not be idle then my Lord,
But preſently be preſt to conquer it.

Tam. We will Techelles, forward then ye Jades:
Now crowch ye kinges of greateſt Aſia,
And tremble when ye heare this Scourge wil come,
That wips downe cities, and controwleth crownes,

Adding

Adding their wealth and treasure to my store,
The Euxine sea North to Natolia,
The Terrene west, the Caspian north north-east,
And on the south Sinus Arabicus
Shall all be loden with the martiall spoiles
We will convey with vs to Persea.
Then shall my native city Samarcanda
And christall waues of fresh Iaertis streame,
The pride and beautie of her princely seat,
Be famous through the furthest continents,
For there my Pallace royall shall be plac'd:
Whose shining Turrets shall dismay the heauens,
And cast the fame of Ilions Tower to hell.
Thorow the streetes with troopes of conquered kinges,
I ride in golden armour like the Sun,
And in my helme a triple plume shall spring,
Spangled with Diamonds dancing in the aire,
To note me Emperour of the three fould world:
Like to an almond tree ymounted high,
Vpon the lofty and celestiall mount,
Of euery greene Selinus quarter'd hight
With blooms more white than Hericinas bowes,
Whose tender blossoms tremble euery one,
At euery little breath that thorow heauen is blowen:
Then in my coach like Saturnes royall sonne,
Mounted his shining chariot, gilt with fire,
And drawen with princely Eagles through the path,
Pau'd with bright Christall, and enchac'd with stars,
When al the Gods stand gazing at his pomp.
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
Until my soule disseuered from this flesh,
Shall mount the milk-white way and meete him there.
To Babilon my Lords, to Babylon. Exeunt.

Finis Actus quarti,

Actus

Actvs. 5. Scæna. 1.

Enter the Gouernour of Babylon vpon the walles with others.

Gouer.

What saith Maximus?

Max. My Lord, the breach the enemy hath made
Giues such assurance of our ouerthrow,
That little hope is left to saue our liues,
Or hold our citie from the Conquerours handes.
Then hang our flagges my Lord of humble truce,
And satisfie the peoples generall plaints,
That Tamburlaines intollerable wrath
May be suppressed by our submission.

Gou. Millaine, respects thou more thy liuelihood life,
Than honor of thy country or thy name?
Is not my life and state as deare to me,
The citie and my natiue countries weale,
As any thing of price with thy conceite:
Haue we not hope, for all our battered walles,
To liue secure, and keepe his forces out,
When this our famous lake of Limnasphaltis
Makes walles a fresh with euery thing that falles
Into the liquid substance of his streame,
More strong than are the gates of death or hel.
What faintnesse should dismay our courages,
When we are thus defenc'd against our foe
And haue no terrour but his threatning lookes?

Enter another, kneeling to the Gouernour.

My Lord, if euer you did deede of ruth,
And now will worke a refuge to our liues,
Offer submission, hang vp flags of truce,
That Tamburlaine may pitie our distresse,
And vse vs like a louing Conquerour,
Though this be held his last dates dreadfull doge,

wherein he sparcth neither man nor childe,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,
Whose state was euer pitied and relieu'd:
Will get his pardon if your grace would send.

Gouer. How is my soule enuironed,
And this enternisde citie Babylon,
Filld with a packe of faint heart fugitiues,
That thus intreat their shame and seruitude.

Another. My Lord, if euer ye will winne our hearts,
Yeeld vp the towne, saue our wiues and children:
For I will cast my selfe from off these walles,
Or die some death of quickest violence,
Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.

Gouer. Villaines, cowardes, traitors to our state,
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of hell,
That legions of tormenting spirits may vexe
Your slauish bosomes with continual paines,
I care not, nor the towne will neuer yeeld
As long as any life is in my breast.

Enter Theridamas and Techelles, with other souldiers.

Thou desperate gouernour of Babylon,
To saue thy life, and vs a little labour,
Yeeld speedily the citie to our handes,
Or else be sure thou shalt be forc'd with paines
More exquisite than euer Traitor felt.

Gou. Tyrant, I turne the Traitor in thy mouth,
And will defend it in despight of thee.
Call vp the souldiers to defend these walls.

Tech. Yeeld foolish gouernour, we offer more
Than euer yet we did to such proud slaues,
As dare resist vs 'gainst our thrise faire siege.
Thou seest vs pitch to giue the last assault,
And that shall bide no more regard of parlie.

Gou. Assault and spare not, we will neuer yeeld.

Alarms, and they scale the walles.

Enter

Enter Tamburlaine, with Vsumcasane, Amyras and Celebinus, with others, the two spare kings.

Tam. The stately buildings of faire Babylon,
Whose lofty pillers, higher than the clouds,
Were wont to guide the seaman in the deepe,
Being caried thither by the canons force,
Now fill the mouth of Limnasphiates lake,
And make a bridge vnto the battered walles,
Where Belus, Ninus and great Alexander
Haue rode in triumph, triumphs Tamburlaine,
Whose chariot wheeles haue burst the Assirians bones
Drawen with these kings on heapes of carcalles,
Now in the place where faire Semiramis,
Courted by kings and peeres of Asia,
Hath trode the measures, do my souldiers march,
And in the streetes, where braue Assirian dames
Haue rid in pomps like rich Saturnia,
With furious wordes and frowning visages,
My horsemen brandish their bloudy blades.

Enter Theridamas and Techelles bringing the Gouernor of Babylon.

Who haue ye there my Lordes?

Ther. The sturdy Gouernour of Babylon,
That made vs all the labour for the towne,
And valiantly defended reckning of your mateslie.

Tam. Go binde the villaine, he shall hang in chaines,
Vpon the ruines of this conquered towne,
Sirrha, the view of our vermilion tents,
Which threatned more than if the region
Next vnderneath the Element of fire,
Were full of Comets and of blazing starres,
Whose flaming traines should reach downe to the earth
Could not affright you, no, nor I my selfe,
The wrathfull messenger of mightie Ioue,
That with his sword hath quaild all earthly kings,
Could not perswade you once to yeeld vnto

But till the gates were shut: villaine I say,
Should I but touch the rustie gates of hell,
The triple headed Cerberus would howle,
And wake blacke Ioue to crouch and kneele to me,
But I have sent volleies of shot to you,
Yet could not enter til the breach was made,
Gou. Nor if my body could have stopt the breath,
Should'st thou have entred, cruell Tamburlaine:
Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yeeld,
Nor yet thy selfe, the skourge of the highest,
For though thy cannon battes the citie walls,
My heart did neuer quake, or courage faint.
Tam. Well, now Ile make it quake, go draw it by,
Hang him vp in chaines vpon the citie walles,
And let my souldiers shoote the slaue to death.
Gou. Vile monster borne of some infernall hag,
And sent from hel to tyrannize on earth,
Do all thy worst, nor death nor Tamburlaine,
Torture or paine can daunt my dauntlesse minde.
Tam. Vp with him then, his body shalbe scard.
Gou. But Tamburlaine, in Asphaltis lake,
There lies more gold than Babylon is worth,
Which when the citie was besieg'd I hid,
Haue but my life and I will giue it thee.
Tam. Then for all your haloun, you would saue your life,
Where about lies it?
Gou. Vnder a hollow banke, right opposite
Against the westerne gate of Babylon.
Tam. Go thither some of you and take his gold,
The rest forward with execution,
Away with him hence, let him speake no more:
I thinke I make your courages to stoup and quaile,
When this is done, we'le march from Babylon,
And make our greatest haste to Persea:
These Iades are broken spauded, and halfe tyr'd,
Vnbarnesse them, and let vs haue fresh horse:

So.

So, now their best is done to honour me,
Take them, and hang them both vp presently.
Tre. Wild Tyrant, barbarous bloody Tamburlaine.
Tam. Take them away Theridamas, let them dispatcht.
Ther. I will my Lord.
Tam. Come Asian viceroyes, to your taskes a while
And take such losse as your fellowes felt.
Orc. Wilt let thy Scythian horse teare both our limbs
Rather than we should draw thy chariot.
And like base slaues abiect our princely minds
To vile and ignominious seruitude.
Ier. Rather lend me thy weapon Tamburlaine,
That I may sheath it in this breast of mine,
A thousand deathes could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this doth vexe our soules.
Amy. They will talke still my Lord, if you do not bridle
Tam. Bridle them, and let me to my coach. (them.
They bridle them.
Amy. See now my Lord how braue the captain bangs
Tam. Tis braue indeede, my boy, well done,
Shoote first my Lord, and then the rest shall follow,
Ther. Then haue at him to begin withal.
Theridamas shoots
Gou. Yet saue my life, and let this wound appease
The mortal fury of great Tamburlaine.
Tam. No, though Asphaltis lake were liquid golde,
And offerd me as ransome for thy life,
Yet should thou die, shoote at him all at once.
They shoote.
So now he hangs like Bagdets Gouernour,
Hauing as many bullets in his flesh,
As there be breaches in her battered wall.
Go now and binde the Burghers hand & foot,
And cast them headlong in the citties lake:
Tartars and Persians shall inhabit there,
And to commaund the citie, I will build

A Cytadell, that all Affrica
Which hath bene subiect to the Persean king,
Shal pay me tribute for, in Babylon.
Tech. What shal be done with their wiues and chil-
dren my Lord.
Tam. Techelles, Drowne them all, man, woman, & child.
Leaue not a Babylonian in the towne.
Tech. I will about it straight, come Souldiers. Exit.
Tam. Now Calane, where's the Turkish Alcaron,
And all the heapes of superstitious bookes,
Found in the Temples of that Mahomet,
Whom I haue thought a God, they shal be burnt.
Cal. Here they are my Lord,
Tam. Well said, let there be a fire presently,
In vaine I see men worship Mahomet,
My sword hath sent millions of Turkes to hel.
Slew all his priests, his kinsmen, and his friendes,
And yet I liue vntoucht by Mahomet:
There is a God full of reuenging wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breakes,
Whose Scourge I am, and him will I obey.
So Calane, fling them in the fire,
Now Mahomet, if thou haue any power,
Come downe thy selfe and worke a miracle,
Thou art not worthy to be worshipped,
That suffers flames of fire to burne the writ
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.
Why send'st thou not a furious whirlwind downe,
To blow thy Alcaron vp to thy throne,
Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himselfe,
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine,
That shakes his sword against thy maiesty.
And spurns the fragments of thy feeble lawes,
Well souldiers, Mahomet remaines in hel,
He cannot heare the voice of Tamburlaine,
Seeke out another Godhead to adore,

The

The God that sits in heauen, if any God,
For he is God alone, and none but he.
Tech. I haue fulfil'd your highnes will, my Lord,
Thousands of men drown'd in Asphaltis Lake,
Haue made the water swell aboue the bankes,
And fatted fedde by humaine carcasses,
Amas'd, swim vp and downe vpon the waues,
As when they swallow Assafitida,
Which makes them fleet aloft and gape for aire.
Tam. Well then my friendly Lordes, what now re-
But that we leaue sufficient garrison, (maines
And presently depart to Persea,
To triumph after all our victories?
Ther. I, good my Lord, let vs in hast to Persea,
And let this Captaine be remou'd the walles,
To some high hil about the citie here.
Tam. Let it be so, about it souldiers:
But stay, I feele my selfe distempered sodainly.
Tech. What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine?
Tam. Something Techelles but I know not what,
But forth ye vassals, what so ere it be,
Sickness or death can neuer conquer me. Exeunt.

Actvs. V. Scæna. IIII.

Enter Callapine, Amasia, with drums and trumpets.
Callap.

KIng of Amasia, now our mightie hoste,
Marcheth in Asia maior where the streames
Of Euphrates and Tigris swiftly runne,
And here may we behold great Babylon,
Circled about with Limnasphaltis Lake,
Where Tamburlaine with all his armie lies,
Which being faint and wearie with the siege,
We may lie readie to encounter him.
Before his hoste be full from Babylon,

And so reuenge our latest grieuous losse,
If God or Mahomet send any aide.

Ama. Doubt not my Lord but we shal conquer him
The Monster that hath drunke a sea of bloode,
And yet gapes stil for more to quench his thirst,
Our Turkish swords shal headlong send to hel,
And that vile carcasse drawne by warlike kinges,
The Foules that eate, for neuer sepulchre
Shal grace that hate-borne Tyrant Tamburlaine.

Cal. When I reuolue my parentes slaughtred life,
Their cruel death, mine owne captiuitie,
My viceroyes bondage vnder Tamburlaine,
Me thinkes I could sustaine a thousand deaths,
To be reuenged of all his villany.
Ah sacred Mahomet, thou that hast seene,
Millions of Turkes perish by Tamburlaine,
Kingdomes made wast, thy sacred citties sackt and burnt,
And but one host is left to honour thee.
Aide thy obedient seruant Callapine.
And make him after all these ouerthrowes,
To triumph ouer cursed Tamburlaine.

Ama. Feare not my Lord. I see great Mahomet
Clothed in purple clowdes, and on his head
A Chaplet brighter than Apollos crowne,
Marching about the aire with armed men,
To ioyne with you against this Tamburlaine.
Renowmed generall mightie Callapine,
Though God himselfe and holy Mahomet,
Should come in person to resist your power,
Yet might your mightie hoste incounter al.
And pull proud Tamburlain vpon his knees,
To sue for mercy at your highnesse feete.

Cal. Captaine the force of Tamburlaine is great
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismaide the worlde,
Are greatest to discourage all our drifte,

Yet when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
She wanes againe, and so shal his I hope,
For we haue here the chiefe selected men
Of twenty seuerall kingdomes at the least:
Not plowmen, Priest, nor Merchant states at home,
But Turky is in armes with Callapine.
And neuer will we sounder campe and armes,
Before himselfe or his be conquered,
This is the time that must eternize me,
For conquering the Tyrant of the world.
Come Souldiers, let vs lie in wait for him
And if we finde him absent from his campe,
Or that it be retoin'd against at full,
Assaile it and be sure of victory. Exeunt.

ACTVS V. SCENA VI.

Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane.

WEepe heauens, and vanish into liquid teares,
Fal starres that gouerne his nativity,
And summon all the shining lamps of heauen
To cast their borrowed fires to the earth.
And shed their feeble influence in the aire,
Wyld fire your beauties with eternall clowdes,
For hell and darkenesse pitch their pitchy tents,
And Death with armies of Cimerian spirits
Gives battel gainst the heart of Tamburlaine.
Now in defiance of that wonted loue,
Your sacred vertues pour'd vpon his throne,
And made his state as honorable as heauens,
These cowards inuincible assaile his soule,
And threaten conquest on our Soueraigne:
But if he die, your glories are disgrac'd,
Earth droops and says, that hell in heauen is plac'd.

Tech. O thou ye powers that sway eternal seates
And guide this massy substance of the earth,

If you retaine defert of holinesse,
As your supreame estates instruct our thoughts,
Be not inconstant, carelesse of your fame,
Weare not the burthen of your enemies joyes,
Triumphing in his fall whom you adiaunst,
But as his birth, life, health and maiestie,
Were strange, plest and gouerned by heauen,
So honour heauen till heauen dishonored be,
His byrth, his life, his health and maiestie.

Caf. Wilt heauen dishonor the honor of thy name,
To see thy foot stoolde set vpon thy head,
And let no basenesse staine thy braue victorious breast,
Sustaine a shame of such inexcellencie:
To see the diuels mount in Angels throanes,
And Angels dine into the pooles of hell.
And though they thinke their pollicie dare not,
And that their power is puissant as loues,
Which makes them manage armes against thy state,
Yet stirre them vp to the strength of Tamburlaine,
Thy instruments and mooued minister,
Is greater farre than they can thinke to be.
For if he die, thy glorie is disgraced,
Earth droopes and saies that hell in heauen is plaid.

Tam. What daring God torments my body thus,
And seekes to conquer mighty Tamburlaine,
Shall sicknesse prooue me now to be a man,
That haue bene fearm'd the terrour of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come take your swords,
And threaten them whose hand afflicts my soule,
Come let vs march against the powers of heauen,
And set blacke streamers in the firmament,
To signifie the slaughter of the Gods,
Ah friends, what shal I doe, I cannot stand,
Come carie me to warre against the Gods,
That thus enuie the health of Tamburlaine.

Ther. Ah good my Lord, leaue these impatient words,

Which had much danger to your malladie.
Tam. Why shal I sit and languish in this paine?
No, strike the drums, and in reuenge of this,
Come let vs charge our speares & pearce his breast,
Whose shoulders beare the Axis of the world,
That if I perish, heauen and earth may fade.
Theridamas, haste to the court of Ioue,
Will him to send Apollo hither straight,
To cure me, or Ile fetch him downe my selfe.
Tech. Stay still my gratious Lord, this griefe will cease,
And cannot last, it is so violent.
Tam. Not last Techelles, no, for I shall die,
See where my feare, the vglie monster death
Shaking his quiuering pale and wan for feare,
Stands aiming at me with his murthering dart,
Who flies away at euery glance I giue,
And when I looke away, comes stealing on:
Villaine away, and hie thee to the field,
I and mine armie come to lode thy backe
With soules of thousand mangled carkasses,
Looke where he goes, but see he comes againe
Because I stay, Techelles let vs march,
And weary Death with bearing soules to hell.
Phi. Please it your Maiestie to drink this potion,
Which will abate the furie of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits gouerne you.
Tam. Tel me, what think you of my sickness now?
Phi. I viewd your vrine, and the Hypostacis
Thick and obscure doth make your danger great,
Your vaines are full of accidentall heat,
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried,
The Humidum and Calor, which some holde
Is not a parcell of the Elements,
But of a substance more diuine and pure,
Is almost cleane extinguished and spent,
Which being the cause of life, imports your death.

Be-

Besides my Lord, this day is Critticall,
Dangerous to those, whose Crisis is as yours:
Your Arteries which alongst the veines conuey
The lively spirits which the heart ingenders
Are parcht and void of spirit, that the soule
Wanting those Organons by which it moues,
Cannot indure by argument of art,
Yet if your maiesty may escape this day,
No doubt, but you shall soone recouer all.

Tam. Then will I comfort all my vitall parts,
And liue in spight of death aboue a day.

Alarme within.

Mess. My Lord, newes: Callapine that lately fled from your maiesty, hath now gathered a fresh army, and hearing your absence in the field, offers to set on vs presently.

Tamb. See my physitians now, how loue hath sent
A present medicine to recure my paine:
My looks shal make them fly, and might I follow,
There should not one of all the villaines power
Liue to giue offer of another fight.

Vsum. I ioy my Lord, your highnesse is so strong,
That can endure so well your royal presence,
Which onely will dismay the enemy.

Tam. I know it will Casane: draw vp your slaues,
In spight of death I will goe shew my face.

Alarme, Tamb. goes in, and comes out againe with all the rest.

Thus are the villaines, cowards fled for feare,
Like Summers vapors, vanisht by the Sunne,
And could I but a while pursue the field,
That Callapine should be my slaue againe.
But I perceiue my martial strength is spent,
In vaine I striue and raile against those powers
That meane to make me in a higher throne,
As much too high for this disdainful earth.
Giue me a Map, then let me see how much

Is

Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these my boies may fitly sit my wants.

One brings a Map.

Here I began to march towards Persea,
Along Armenia and the Caspian sea,
And thence vnto Bythinia where I woke
The Turke and his great Empresse prisoners,
Then marcht I into Egypt and Arabia,
And here not far from Alexandria,
Whereas the Terren and the red sea meet,
Being distant lesse than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channell to them both,
That men might quickly saile to India.
From thence to Nubia neere Borno lake,
And so along the Ethiopian sea,
Cutting the Tropicke line of Capricorne,
I conquered all as far as Zanzibar,
Then by the Northerne part of Affrica,
I came at last to Græcia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will,
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
Backeward and forwards neere fiue thousand leagues,
Loke here my boies, see what a world of ground,
Lies westward from the midst of Canters line,
Vnto the rising of this earthly globe,
Whereas the Sun declining from our sight,
Begins the day without Antipodes;
And shal I die, and this vnconquered?
Loe here my sonnes, are all the golden mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia, and the world beside,
And from th'Antartique Pole, Eastward behold
As much more land, which neuer was descried,
Wherein are rockes of Pearle, that shine as bright
As all the Lamps that beautify the Sky,
And shal I die, and this vnconquered?

Here

Here lonely bones, what death forbids my life,
That let your lims command in spight of death.

Amy. Alas my Lord, how should our bleeding harts
Wounded and broken with your highnesse griefe,
Retaine a thought of ioy, or sparke of life?
Your soule gives essence to our wretched subiects,
Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.

Cel. Your paines do pierce our soules, no hope sur-
For by your life we entertaine our lims, (uiues,

Tam. But sonnes, this subiect not of force enough,
To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
Must part, imparting his impressions,
By equall portions into both your breasts:
My flesh deuided in your precious shapes,
Shal still retaine my spirit, though I die,
And liue in all your seedes immortally:
Then now remoue me, that I may resigne
My place and proper title to my sonne:
First take my Scourge and my imperiall Crowne,
And mount my royall chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crown'd before I die,
Help me (my Lords) to make my last remoue.

Ther. A woful change my Lord, that daunts our
More than the ruine of our proper soules. (thoughts,

Tam. Sit vp my sonne, let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy fathers maiestie.

They crowne him.

Amy. With what a flinty bosome should I ioy,
The breath of life, and burthen of my soule,
If not resolu'd into resolued paines,
My bodies mortified lineaments
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierc'd with the ioy of any dignities.
O fathers, if the vnrelenting ears
Of death and hell be shut against my prayers,
And that the spight of inexorable Fates,

Denis

Denie my soule fruition of her ioy,
How should I stryue or stur my hatefull feete,
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that onely striues to die,
And plead in vaine, vnpleasing soueraintie.
Tam. Let not thy loue exceed thine honor sonne,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimitie
That nobly must admit necessitie:
Sit vp my boy, and with those siluer raines,
Bridle the steeled stomackes of those Iades.
Ther. My Lord, you must obey his maiestie,
Since Fate commaunds, and vrgeth necessitie.
Amy. Heauens witnes me, with what a broken hart
And damned spirit I ascend this seat,
And send my soule before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony.
Tam. Now fetch the hearse of faire Zenocrate,
Let it be plac'd by this my fatall chaire,
And serue as parcell of my funerall.
Cas. Then feeles your maiesty no soueraigne ease,
Nor may our hearts all drown'd in teares of blood,
Ioy any hope of your recouerie?
Tamb. Casanem, the Monarke of the earth,
And eiclesse Monster that torments my soule,
Cannot behold the teares ye shed for me,
And therefore stil augments his cruelte.
Tech. Then let some God oppose his holy power,
Against the wrath and tyrannie of death,
That his teare-thyrsty and vnquenched hate
May be vpon himselfe reuenged.

They bring in the hearse.

Tam. Now eies, inioy your latest benefite.
And when my soule hath vertue of your light,
Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
And glut your longings with a heauen of ioy.
So raigne my sonne, scourge and controll those slaues,

Guiding

Guiding thy chariot forth the Fearfull hame,
Be precious in the sharge from vnderneath
Whether by which Clymene thy mother tonne did guide,
Whilst wandring Phœbus Iuory cheeks were scorcht,
And all the earth like Aetna breathing fire:
Be warnd by him, eyes learne by his default etc
Of sway a styone as dangerous as his:
For if thy body thyne not full of thoughtes
As pure and fiery as Physeus beames,
The nature of thy mother reaching Iabes
Will take exception by the crooked haire,
And worse then Phaeton perish in the flames,
Enough (and more then) are the sins of Calpian
The nature of thy mother hath (cilles.
I guesse of baser temper then my selfe,
More then humane should the pride of Phaeton,
Farewell my Lords, my louing friends farewel.
My body (Ladies) my louely body adieu to ye
Your fayre natures happie liuing company,
For Cambuscane, the Conquerer of God must die.
Earth, &c. Earth, earth, & there lies all things end
For earth hath bread, the mother of all her brute,
And hearse and tombe and the cheefest liuing fire.
Let earth and heauen our timelesse death deplore,
For both their losses will equall him no more.

FINIS.